

HOW AND WHY TO SAVE YELTSIN, BY MICHAEL MANDELBAUM

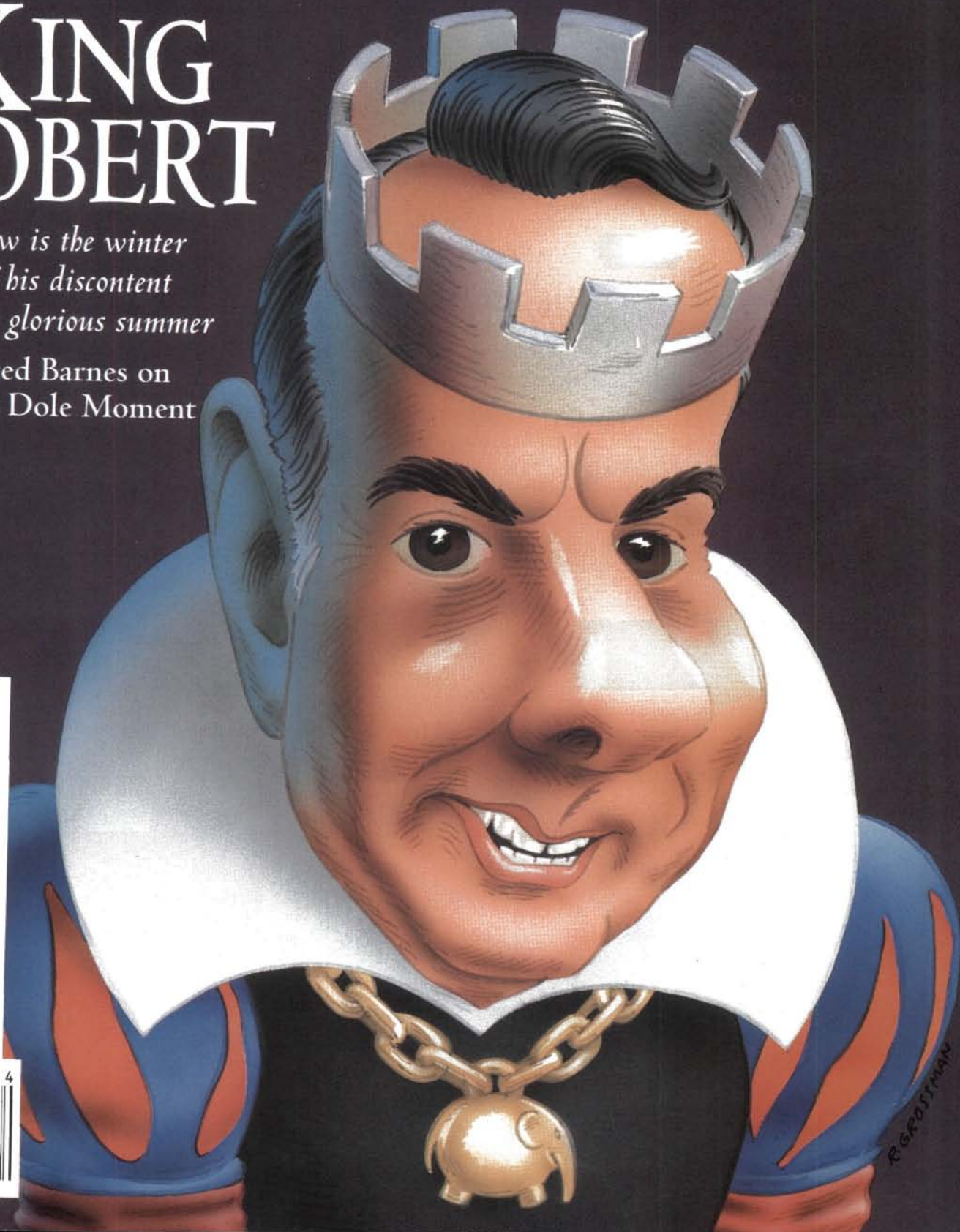
APRIL 5, 1993 • \$2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

KING ROBERT

*Now is the winter
of his discontent
Made glorious summer*

Fred Barnes on
The Dole Moment



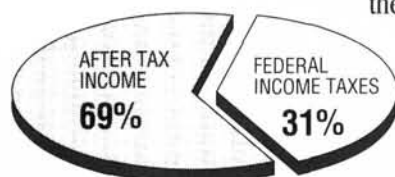
#BXBKML *****5-DIGIT 94301
284
#94301UZZ555BY003# NWRE 241
FOR K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST. #371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1700
CQT
4
0 787445 1

"How Can I Prepare For Higher Tax Rates?"

With today's rates and growing concern about rising taxes, now may be the time to plan your tax strategy for 1993—and to consider the advantages of tax-free investing.

Tax-Free Investing Can Help You Keep More Of What You Earn

Today's taxes can claim nearly a third of everything you earn—including investment income. Now may be the time to consider the fundamental advantage of tax-free investing.



Today's taxes can take a substantial bite out of your income, but Fidelity's Spartan Approach® can help you protect more of your earnings.²

And Fidelity has created an entire family of tax-free funds¹ to help you pay less tax and keep more of what you earn.

You Can Choose A Low Risk Tax-Free Strategy

Our Spartan Short-Intermediate Municipal Fund offers higher current

federally tax-free yields than fixed-price money market funds.³ Yet it seeks to minimize share price volatility by investing only in high and upper-medium quality short-term municipal bonds. (Minimum investment: \$10,000.)

Fidelity Spartan® Short-Intermediate Municipal Fund

5.52%	3.81%
Tax-equivalent Yield*	Current Yield*

Let Fidelity Show You How

Call for our free fact kit which includes a prospectus with more complete information including management fees and transaction expenses. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. Why wait to start lowering your tax bill? Call and ask for your free fact kit today.

**Visit a Fidelity Investor Center
or Call 24 Hours
1-800-252-3116**



²r

³30-day yield as of 3/8/93. **6.18%**, **6.52%**, and **5.30%** were the average annual returns for 1 year, 5 years and the life of the fund (commencement of operation 12/24/86) respectively for the period ended 12/31/92. The taxable equivalent yield is based on the 31% federal tax rate. Performance figures are historical and total return includes change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains and the effect of the \$5 account closeout fee on an average size account. You may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. Yield, share price and return will vary. ¹A portion of income may be subject to the federal alternative minimum tax. ²Transactions may reduce your yield. ³The fund is not FDIC insured and does not offer a fixed rate of return. Fidelity Distributors Corporation.

CODE: NEWR/STM/041293



Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTER

Deputy Editor
JACOB WEISBERG

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY,
MICHAEL LEWIS, ROBERT WRIGHT

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER EDDIN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARY JO SALTER
Art
MARK STEVENS

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES,
STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN,
ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS,
MORTON KONDRACK, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND,
ADAM MICHIK, JONATHAN RIEDER,
ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF,
ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL,
E. V. THAW, TOM TOLES,
TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER,
DOROTHY WICKENDEN, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Editor
WESTON KOSSOVA

Associate Managing Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA

Design Coordinator
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Production Assistant
AMY E. KNOX

Reporter-Researchers
GARY J. BASS, ERIC KONIGSBERG,
STEPHEN RODRICK, RUTH SHALIT

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Acting Advertising Director
LISA THOMAS

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
JAMES J. McCABE

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

APRIL 5, 1993



Cover by Robert Grossman
for THE NEW REPUBLIC.
Article on page 26.

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,081

- 4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Not having a nice day, reinventing government &c.
- 6 **MICKEY KAUS** TRB: THE FAIRNESS TRAP Why progressivity isn't everything.
- 7 **THE EDITORS** PRO-LIFE DEATH How to stop the new wave of terrorism.
- 8 **NOTEBOOK** Lifestyles of the rich and left-wing, new Republican sleaze &c.
- 10 **STEPHEN RODRICK** LES IS MORE PBS cashes in on inspirational snake oil.
- 11 **CHARLES LANE** SARAJEVO POSTCARD: TENNIS ANYONE? Bosnia's oddest magazine.
- 12 **ERIC KONIGSBERG** WASTE WATCHERS Al Gore's been assigned to look for fat and fraud in government. He should start by reading a few GAO reports.
- 14 **KELLY RICHMOND** JUNK IN THE BOX You may have thought the one thing you could count on in a plane crash was the black box. Think again.
- 15 **BENJAMIN WITTES AND JANET WITTES** GROUP THERAPY A dumb idea for racial and gender quotas in biomedical research is about to become law.
- 17 **GARY J. BASS** SWING KIDS After communism, whatever happened to right and left? A guide to the ideological meltdown over the Balkans.
- 18 **MICHAEL MANDELBAUM** BY A THREAD Yeltsin survives—but only just. Here's how we can help him, and what the real consequences will be if we don't.
- 26 **FRED BARNES** KING ROBERT Bob Dole thinks that gridlock is a good thing and that Nixon was a great president. And he has a strategy for besting Clinton.
- 30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: SOUTHERN COMFORTS Albert Finney stars in *Rich in Love*.
- 31 **ROBERT ALTER** THE SPRITZER *Operation Shylock: A Confession* by Philip Roth
- 35 **THOMAS BYRNE EDSALL** TRICKY DIXIE *Strom Thurmond and the Politics of Southern Change* by Nadine Cohodas
- 38 **TOMAS VENCLOVA** ART AND DANGER *Art in the Light of Conscience: Eight Essays on Poetry* by Marina Tsvetaeva
- 42 **ROY PORTER** BREAKING AWAY *Uncertain Unions: Marriage in England 1660-1753* by Lawrence Stone
- 45 **ERIC ORMSBY** POEM *Fragrances*
- 46 **JEFFREY ROSEN** WASHINGTON DIARIST: VENERABLE BEADS

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 208, Number 14, Issue 4,081, April 5, 1993. (Printed in the U.S. on March 17, 1993.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 19 & 26, Aug. 23 & 30, and Sept. 20 & 27, 1993) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, \$69.97; foreign, \$99.97; Canada, \$84.97. Back issues, \$3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1993 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: TNR@aol.com. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

CORRESPONDENCE

Nasty

To the editors:

Re: "Have a nice day!" (March 8)

What business is it of yours what kind of day I have?

RALPH SLOVENKO
Detroit, Michigan

To the editors:

Your March 8 cover was ghastly. Nice, though.

JOHN DUNLAP
Columbia, South Carolina

Black comedy

To the editors:

Many thanks to Jeffrey Rosen for sharing the fruits of his interview with Justice Souter ("Poetic Justice," March 8). Until reading it, I had not known exactly how to fantasize about an alternative life on those occasions when the piles of blue-

books, the flood of journal articles and the mountains of monographs seemed overwhelming. But the justice's musings about getting away from the Court's demands have suggested one. "If I could take a year off from this job, I'd like nothing better than to go to a small college and teach a comparative seminar on Adams and Proust," said the justice wistfully.

Yes! Maybe with some juggling of jurisdictional boundaries, he and I could work out an exchange, for his fantasy suggested one for me: If I could take a year off from *this* job, I'd like nothing better than to go to the Supreme Court and hand down some decisions. I mean, I wouldn't particularly have to know the law or keep abreast of any sustained body of scholarship. I'd have people to do all the fetch-and-carry work. The salary isn't bad, and it'd be nice to spend a year inside the Beltway. I'd get to do my jogging at a fort. I think I look good in basic black.

Some of my colleagues project themselves into alternate careers as organic farmers, postal clerks or Oxfam workers. Not I. From now on, my mental time off is to be spent in the cloistered chambers

of the Supreme Court, untroubled by any need to actually know something about what I'm doing.

ROBERT H. ZIEGER
Professor of History
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

Interior design

To the editors:

Jacob Weisberg's otherwise fine article about Bruce Babbitt ("Babbitt's Feast," March 8) contains a blooper: "In the spotted owl conservationists in the Pacific Northwest, the Forest Service is battling the Fish and Wildlife Service even though both are part of the same department."

The Forest Service's home department is not Interior, but Agriculture. If that seems strange to you, you're not alone. Many conservationists have long thought it anomalous to entrust our vast, ecologically diverse national forest lands (which exceed Texas in size) to a department that views trees as a commodity like corn or soybeans.

Be that as it may, Weisberg's basic point about Interior Department infighting is still valid: the Fish and Wildlife Service has been at loggerheads with the Bureau of Land Management, which is within the Interior. BLM's vast holdings are mostly arid lands or tundra in states such as Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska, but do include substantial old-growth forest tracts in the Pacific Northwest that are spotted owl habitat. BLM is just as commodity-oriented as the Forest Service, and just as blind to the ecological values of the priceless jewels entrusted to its care.

HOWARD FOX
Washington, D.C.

Reinvention

To the editors:

John B. Judis does not know what he is talking about when he uses David Osborne's "reinventing government" paradigm to criticize President Clinton ("The Old Democrat," February 22). He comments that the president "backed down on two proposals—for a line-item veto and for the reduction of Congress's bloated staff—that are certainly important to 'reinventing government.'" As a matter of fact, neither issue is relevant to the ideas embodied in Osborne's work or the entrepreneurial government agencies that Osborne has studied.

A line-item veto, for example, has little, if any, importance to "reinventing government." Osborne suggests that line-items be minimized, allowing

Gay Culture? What a queer notion.

"Absolutely cutting edge.... Required reading for every straight liberal who is still baffled by the phenomenon of gay rage."

—ARMISTEAD MAUPIN

"A master storyteller with a keen eye for detail and a nose for adventure...Browning challenges the very notion of gay male culture, forcing us to rethink who and what we are."

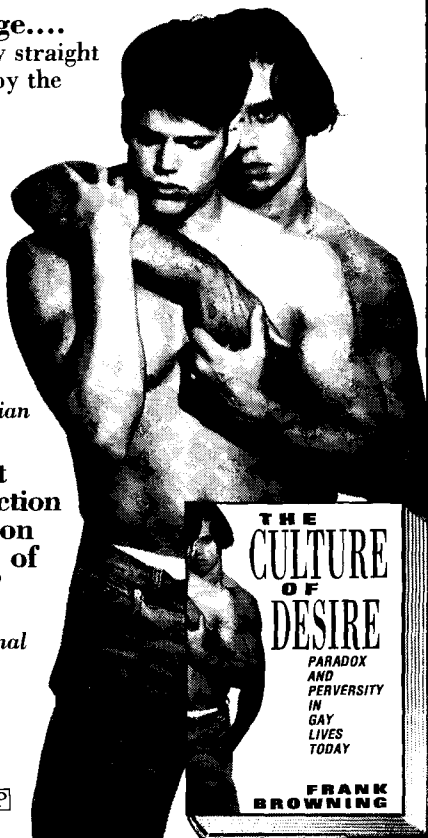
—ERIC MARCUS,
author of *Making History: The Struggle for Gay and Lesbian Equal Rights, 1945-1990*

"One of the most honest and provocative non-fiction books ever published on the contemporary life of gay men in America."

—JEFFREY ESCOFFIER,
Publisher, *OUT/LOOK: National Lesbian and Gay Quarterly*

\$20.00, now at your bookstore,
or to order by phone call
1-800-733-3000.

The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP



departments to allocate money where and when needed. This way, departments are afforded more flexibility to plan ahead and to handle emergencies. Furthermore, Osborne argues that agencies should be given incentives to spend money wisely by being allowed to retain 50 percent of whatever money is left over at the end of each fiscal year. This type of budgeting encourages departments to save money and spend wisely. On the issue of "Congress's bloated staff" Osborne does not make a specific mention.

While Clinton's actions thus far are admittedly alarming to us "New Democrats," on substantive issues regarding "reinventing government" he has shown himself learned and experienced. The president has ordered alterations in the waiver process for states to experiment with Medicaid programs. Clinton is interested in giving governors more freedom to tailor their own Medicaid systems to the specific needs of their states. He also plans to streamline the waiver application process, first by requiring the Department of Health and Human Services to limit the number of clarifications on various items. The president is also asking the Health Care Financing Administration to start keeping a list of each program that receives a waiver, so other states that apply to institute similar programs may start immediately. Clinton plans to treat welfare the same, seeking and encouraging innovation at the state level.

The goal is less federal micromanagement. The ideas I have mentioned are found in Osborne's research, which has little to do with the hot-button issues Judis addresses. It must be recognized that Clinton has plans to foment real change in the way government does business.

DMITRI B. POTEKIN
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Complex game

To the editors:

Beware movie reviewers who miss the point. Contrary to what Alex Ross says in his addled piece on *The Crying Game* ("Crying Shame," March 1), discussions of the movie show us how much *has* changed.

Neil Jordan's movie speaks to an audience crying out for artistic expressions that try to portray human beings in their totality. The twisted issues of guilt and personal responsibility, of friendship and power that drive this movie do not make for foggy homophobic conclusions—or any other kind of simple stereotyping. The real secrets of this movie are its non-Hollywood intelli-

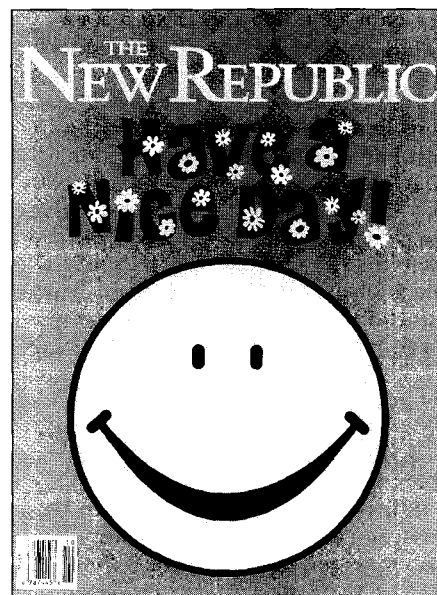
gence and the honest human complexity of its characters. The only folks sold short in Jordan's script are those cardboard Irish bad guys. I guess we'll be hearing from a reviewer representing the IRA next time around.

MICHAEL J. THOMPSON
St. Paul, Minnesota

Smoking gun

To the editors:

Cass R. Sunstein's book review begins with the words: "Let us begin with a few numbers" ("Valuing Life," February 15). Unfortunately, he begins with an obviously incorrect number and adds an outdated one. If it were true that "about 4,000 Americans die each day as a result



of cancer," then about 1.46 million people would die each year due to cancer; i.e., about two-thirds of all deaths would be due to cancer. The "4,000" figure obviously is wrong. Indeed, combining the "4,000" figure with Sunstein's statistic that smoking contributes to 30 percent of cancer deaths would mean that approximately 438,000 cancer deaths a year are due to smoking, contradicting his (outdated) statistic that 300,000 deaths a year of *all kinds* are due to smoking. According to the American Cancer Society's *Cancer Facts and Figures* (1992), about 1,400 Americans die each day due to cancer, not 4,000; i.e., about one-fifth of all deaths are due to cancer. The ACS also estimates that 400,000 deaths a year of *all kinds* are due to smoking. Sunstein's erroneous figures are particularly puzzling in a review of two books about risk, one addressed specifically to smoking.

JOHN P. RATNASWAMY
Chicago, Illinois

Education and eros

To the editors:

Paul Kahn's use of Plato ("Love Field," March 8) is misleading. His literal reading of the *Republic* overstates the relevance of "elaborate techniques" and "draconian measures" to the regulation of erotic life. Plato's allegory of justice writ large portrays the regulation of intrapsychic tensions through *askesis* and education. Conflicts between and among citizens originate in a psychic imbalance where appetite or emotion overrules reason; thus, Plato's focus is on restoring balance or justice to the soul's constitution. Only a balanced soul, wherein reason rules, leads to the well-being of individual and state.

Kahn's distinction between "public" and "private" love corresponds approximately to Plato's distinction between rational and appetitive *eros*. Since, for Plato, the tension between public and private love is ineradicably present in every soul, the problem is not the potential incompatibility of public and private love in a military context, but how to foster self-control. Kahn is right to see that *eros* contributes to "forming the self and sustaining the state," but he wrongly externalizes the regulative challenge.

The military must deal with those unable to regulate their appetites and emotions. For those inclined to anti-gay violence or inappropriate sexual behavior, President Clinton's proposed more stringent conduct code seems a fitting response. But Plato stresses education, insisting that the ultimate responsibility for order in the soul and the state rests with the individual.

RONALD A. WAITE
Nashville, Tennessee

Not Ninja

To the editors:

Every time I hear about the pleasures that pet owners have, and Jim Holt's article ("Pet Shop Joys," March 8) was no exception, I tell people about my pets.

I own two fossil turtles. They don't leave droppings, have no fleas, don't attack other people and never get sick and have to go to the vet. I tell them "stay" and they stay; I tell them to "play dead" and they do just that. Their food bills are minimal. And best of all, they love me, which I know, because they've never wandered off. It's wonderful to have such friends.

HENRY H. FISHER
Columbus, Ohio

TRB[®]

FROM WASHINGTON

The fairness trap

If a single word sustained Democrats through the Reagan-Bush era, it was "fairness." Fairness was what America was said to have lost under the Republicans. Not surprisingly, "Restoring Fairness" is the title of an entire chapter of President Clinton's economic plan. But what, exactly, is "fairness"? That turns out to be a trickier question than most Democrats want to admit.

"Fairness" is most often taken to mean progressivity in the imposition of taxes. When the rich pay proportionately more, it's "fair" because they have greater "ability to pay." In theory, it is not the goal of this sort of fairness to change the distribution of income. The idea is simply to equalize the "burden" borne by each individual. Incomes might still be wildly unequal after all the taxes are paid.

In practice, of course, progressive taxes do alter the income distribution. Yet even when inequality has grown, as it did during the 1980s, Democrats have been afraid to come right out and say they want progressive taxes in order to make after-tax incomes more equal (more "fair"). Jesse Jackson adopted a clever phrase in 1988 that avoided the issue. "Those who had the party," he declared, should "pay for the party." Was "the party" the tax cuts enjoyed by the rich, or their rising wealth (which reflected both higher incomes and lower taxes)? He didn't say.

As president, Clinton has employed similar fuzzwords, adding a characteristic dash of middle-class self-pity: "Middle-class Americans" who "gave the most in the 1980s" should now pay the least, he says. "Those who benefited the most" will pay more. Again, it's unclear if the "benefits" were high incomes or low taxes.

What seems remarkable, though, isn't Clinton's artful fudging. (What else is new?) The remarkable thing is that, outside the tax area, Clinton has been quite explicit in embracing income egalitarianism. In February he called "increasing inequality" one of "our deepest prob-

lems." The text of his economic plan not only rails against the '80s ("the richer you were, the better you did")—it pledges to "redress" this "alarming rise in inequality."

For a change, then, we are governed by a Democrat who quite openly embraces *both* varieties of "fairness"—burden-sharing and income-equalizing. The problem is that in the pursuit of each of these forms of fairness, Clinton is setting a trap for himself. One is a trap that may only get him in trouble with columnists. The other is a trap that may wreck his presidency.

Let's start with the more controversial, income-equalizing brand of fairness. Is there really any chance that Clinton's economic plan will produce a significantly more equal income structure? As economist Frank Levy notes, there are really two tasks facing Clinton here: 1) reversing the dramatic rise in the incomes of the very richest Americans, and 2) narrowing the disparity in earnings between the skilled and unskilled throughout the income distribution.

It might seem as if the "end of the '80s" has already brought an end to both these inequalitarian trends. The '89-'91 recession hit the rich especially hard. The income share of the top 1 percent actually dropped a bit, after having increased steadily for more than a decade. Meanwhile, the trend toward earnings inequality in the broader labor force halted as early as 1986. That was *before* all the layoffs of well-educated managers during the recession.

But both trends seem likely to reappear once the economy revives. If, as Labor Secretary Robert Reich theorizes, the rich are getting richer because a global economy rewards highly skilled "symbolic analysts," what's going to stop them from being further rewarded? The forthcoming North American Free Trade Agreement will surely push in this direction. And a study by Levy, Richard Murnane and Lijing Chen shows that, for prime-age men, the earnings gap between college graduates and high school graduates continued to grow even during the "white-collar" recession.

None of Clinton's proposed policies seems likely to reverse these trends, at least not anytime soon. Yes, Clinton would raise the taxes of the rich. In 1977 the top 1 percent paid about 35 percent of their income in federal taxes. During the Reagan era that fell to 24.5 percent, and it's now about 29 percent. Clinton would raise it to about 33 percent (less than that, actually, once people find ways to avoid his taxes). But the top 1 percent have gotten so rich that it would now take a boost to more than 50 percent to reduce their income share to what it was back in 1977.

For the middle of the income distribution, Clinton's chosen remedy is training. If the unskilled are losing ground, give them skills! But the wages of high school dropouts fell 13 percent from 1973 to 1987. As Lawrence Mishel of the Economic Policy Institute notes, even if training expenses were boosted by 1 percent of payroll, and even if a quarter of that investment were returned every year in the form of higher wages, it would take a generation to make up that lost 13 percent. Training enthusiasts such as Gary Burtless of the Brookings Institution argue that mass education could reduce the pool of unskilled workers, raising *their* wages. But it might also entice immigrants to bid those wages back down.

Certainly the effects of training are unlikely to show up before 1996. Voters may not hold it against Clinton—they understand that some needed changes will take decades. It may not even do any political damage if the effects never show up. For all I know, Democrats can keep getting re-elected by railing against income inequality even as that inequality gets worse and worse on their watch.

But what if the other form of fairness—burden-sharing fairness—disappears? In the name of "fairness," Democrats have established the principle that, as Representative Don Pease put it, "we should measure every bill that comes before us by whether it adds to the regressivity of the tax code." This principle may already have helped cripple Clinton's health care reform by precluding the taxation of employer-paid health benefits. (Hillary Rodham Clinton has been quoted as calling the idea "unfair.") It may yet kill off Clinton's energy and "sin" taxes, which are also regressive.

And there is a larger trap. Even the regressive pieces of Clinton's current plan can be defended with the argument that the plan as a whole is progressive, thanks to its soak-the-rich features. There is a limit, however, to how much the rich can be soaked. Tax them too much and they shelter their income, and not all of these shelters can be closed. The current round of taxes may be progressive overall. But if Clinton needs to raise more money, the *next* round of increases—including, perhaps, a value-added tax—probably won't be progressive at all. Clinton will have to convince Americans to tighten their belts in a way that violates his own standard of "fairness." Indeed, this second helping of revenue will look a lot less "fair" than if it had been presented in a single package with this year's plan. Perhaps Clinton should start now to convince Americans that some things (health, prosperity) are more important than "fairness."

MICKEY KAUS

APRIL 5, 1993

PRO-LIFE DEATH

With last week's cold-blooded murder in Florida, the fight over abortion edges closer to low-intensity civil war. The initial reaction to the killing of Dr. David Gunn was that it must have been the act of an isolated lunatic. But it was, in fact, just the most vicious attack in a war of escalating violence by anti-abortion radicals. Bombings and burnings of clinics have become almost a daily occurrence in many parts of America. Like other doctors and nurses, Gunn faced a campaign of harassment that forced him to carry a pistol for his own ultimately unsuccessful protection. In Pensacola the only abortion clinic besides Gunn's has been violently invaded and bombed. And there have been attempts on the lives of several doctors.

Few politicians have treated this situation with the seriousness it deserves. Bill Clinton condemned the murder in stronger terms than George Bush would have done but seems content to leave it at that. The president has a responsibility to speak to the public about this problem. He needs to make clear to pro-life extremists that they have every right to think the state is sanctioning murder by allowing abortion and every right to express their beliefs in a variety of ways. But they do not have the right to enforce their own moral code against those who do not share it by force of arms or violent intimidation. It is no argument to say that murder is already being committed by abortion doctors: that is precisely what a majority of Americans dispute (and what even many theologians question). In these circumstances, obedience of the law is the first civil requirement of believers.

It is important to note that a government that requires civic responsibility of believers is not a government hostile to religion. The separation of church and state is as much for the sake of the church as for the state; it was designed by God-fearing men in the eighteenth century to protect religious faith from the spiritual enervation of politics, and to divert it from the self-defeating task of enforcing its orthodoxy. Radical pro-life groups such as Rescue America, to which Gunn's killer belongs, and Operation Rescue, which could barely bring itself to criticize the disgusting deed, need to be reminded that this is the meaning of a liberal order. And the American innovation is precisely this: that a liberal order is a secular order in the interest of religious people.

But liberals need to be reminded of a basic principle, too: that the state respects religion. The attitude of some liberals toward believers is too often contemptuous. A recent *Washington Post* story, for example, referred to followers of Pat Robertson as "largely poor, uneducated and easy to command." Recent coverage has equated David Koresh and Mohammed Salameh with peaceful anti-abortion protesters and Islamic fundamentalists, as if God is just an excuse for murder. And the constitutional—rather than the legislative—resolution of abortion rights in *Roe v. Wade* undoubtedly contributed to some religious people's sense of being shut off from civic participation. There is a way in which secular liberals have contributed to the religious radicalism they are now combating.

Still, violence against doctors and women seeking legal abortions is not a matter for political dispute. It's an issue of basic rights. There is a strong argument that the Ku Klux Klan Act of 1871 should have been construed to protect women's right to enter the clinics. The Klan Act was intended to authorize lawsuits against the persecution of blacks in the Reconstruction South, but it speaks more generally of conspiracies to deprive "any person or class of persons of the equal protection of the laws." In the *Bray* decision last January, Justice Scalia concluded in his majority opinion that the Klan Act did not apply to Operation Rescue because there was no evidence the protesters had a "discriminatory animus" against women.

This was an unpersuasive decision for the self-styled apostle of "plain meaning." It is lamentable, moreover, that Congress waited two years for the Court to come to its tortured conclusion. As Michael Kinsley noted when the case was first argued, whatever one thinks of *Roe v. Wade*, it remains the law of the land. It is inconceivable that federal judges lack the authority to protect citizens from organized mobs systematically denying their ability to exercise a constitutional right. (See TRB, "The Wichita Case," September 30, 1991.) Pro-choicers deserve some blame for not pursuing a legislative remedy sooner—and the murder of Gunn removes any excuse for delay. But if mainstream pro-lifers want to prove their own difference from the murderous likes of Dr. Gunn, let them endorse the law themselves. This time the burden of proof falls on them. •



NOTEBOOK

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAINISM OF THE WEEK: "In his own way, he is interested in peace." —British negotiator David Owen on Slobodan Milosevic, March 11

ROLLING-IN-IT-STONE: The March issue of *Architectural Digest* features a spread on the weekend palace of none other than radical filmmaker Oliver Stone. Actually, the Santa Barbara villa is only one of the Stones' three vacation homes, the other two being a "desert retreat" near Palm Springs and a 16,000-square-foot ski palace in politically incorrect Telluride, Colorado. The Stones also have a non-vacation place in Santa Monica. But Oliver isn't one to wring his hands about the political implications of having four houses. "I don't feel guilty," he says. "That's a Western Christian trip." In any case, the Stones have compensated for their conspicuous consumption (made possible, in part, by the denunciation of "greed" in *Wall Street*) by filling their homes with multicultural art:

Over the brown-and-green cotton sofa hang three paintings of the same woman by the Mexican-American artist Raul Guerrero, another of whose works is in the Stones' Santa Monica house. "We call her Maria," Elizabeth [Mrs. Stone] explains, "because she looks like Maria, our Mexican housekeeper in Santa Barbara, who was actually there with the former owner—as were our two gardeners."

Stone, who says he fights with his wife about much of the interior decoration, is nevertheless enlightened enough to leave some things completely to her: "Kitchen implementation. Flowers. Bedding." Nevertheless, two gardeners are necessary to take care of a house described by the magazine as verdant and surrounded by trees. "It's enclosed and very parklike," says Stone. One lingering question: Is there a grassy knoll?

SLEAZE PATROL: Republican lobbyists and consul-

tants are coping with the Clinton-induced lull in their business by burrowing deeper into the netherworld of Congress. Several are working secretly as "team leaders" for GOP legislators in about two dozen different policy areas. These lobbyists may have basic conflicts of interest, but it has not been possible to explore them because Republican honchos, including Senator Minority Leader Bob Dole and his House counterpart Robert Michel, won't say who they are. The publication *Congress Daily*, however, has discovered the identities of a few of them. To take only one example, the "team leader" for trade is Robert Lighthizer, who, in addition to being a former Dole staffer and a former deputy U.S. Trade Represent-

tative, works for domestic steel producers trying to fend off foreign competition through anti-dumping suits. Until now, the debate about lobbying reform has been over how long people should have to wait after leaving the government before they can work for private clients. Thanks to the Republicans, lobbyists can now represent their clients while working as semiofficial advisers to government officials.



OUR LOCAL LIBRARY: We're pleased to announce that Michael Kelly's award-winning dispatches for TNR from the Gulf war are now part of *Martyr's Day: Chronicle of a Small War*, published by Random House. Derek Walcott's Nobel Lecture, which first appeared in print in these pages, is now a book, *The Antilles: Fragments of Epic Memory; The Nobel Lecture* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). David Bromwich's *Politics by Other Means: Higher Education and Group Thinking* (Yale University Press) incorporates essays written for the magazine. Other frequent contributors have also been hard at work. Michael Walzer's *What It Means To Be An American: Essays on the American Experience* has appeared from Marsilio Press. Scribner's has recently published *Thursday's Child Has Far To Go: A Memoir of the Journeying Years* by Walter Laqueur. Jonathan Rauch's *Kindly Inquisitors: The New Attacks on Free Thought* is just out from the University of Chicago Press. And Paul Starr has written *The Logic of Health-Care Reform* (Whittle). •



This doesn't have to be the only entry to the health care system for millions of Americans.

Increasingly, emergency rooms are treating patients who have little or no access to other means of health care. Many of these cases result in costly hospitalizations and follow-up treatments which contribute greatly to this nation's health care costs.

Studies show that a significant number of these cases

could have been prevented by early treatment and preventive health care programs.

That's why The Prudential believes that Community Health Care Centers, Head Start satellite clinics, and other programs that encourage preventive medicine can lead to better care for the poor and disadvantaged. And why The Prudential is already sup-

porting such programs through our non-profit foundation.

In addition, we believe the federal government, local government, and the health care industry should join together to support preventive health care programs like those mentioned above.

And keep as many Americans as we can out of the emergency room.

For more information about this subject and other ways that The Prudential is working for health care reform, write: New Approaches to Health Care, The Prudential, 751 Broad Street, 16th Fl., Newark, N.J. 07102-3777.

ThePrudential 

©1993 The Prudential Insurance Company of America

PBS's favorite huckster.

LES IS MORE

By Stephen Rodrick

One wintry Sunday I was depressed. My basement apartment was a mess, the laundry was dirty and my personal life was in shambles. I neglected to bathe, and my unshaved face was taking on an unfashionable hostage look. As I looked through bleary eyes at a mountain of undiscarded chicken fried rice boxes, I muttered, "Oh God, where did I go wrong?" In desperation, I began flipping through my seventy-four cable channels in search of salvation. After surfing through a desert of evangelists, American Gladiators and Emilio Estevez movies, I despaired. But suddenly on screen an effervescent man with a deep, jolly voice, wearing a tony, double-breasted suit appeared. He introduced himself as Les Brown, and began to warm the studio audience. "You've got to start saying Yes! to your life, Yes! to your dreams and Yes! to your unfolding future," he said, his arms wildly animated. "We must take charge of our own destinies, design a life of substance and truly begin to live our dreams." The audience clapped, nodded, laughed. So did I. I didn't want the show to end.

It didn't. Thirty minutes into Brown's pitch, two shiny, happy people came on the screen to tell me that, in fact, Les Brown would be mine for another four hours as part of the station's fund-raising drive. Just keep watching PBS, they said.

PBS? This wasn't some far-flung cable channel, the type that features Vietnamese refugee turned international playboy Tom Vu's get-rich-quick real estate schemes. This was the Public Broadcasting Service, what E. B. White once called television's "ideal of excellence, not the idea of acceptability." Sure, PBS has used all sorts of devices in the past to hike contributions during pledge week, from "I, Claudius" marathons to "This Old House" triathlons. But Les Brown is surely a new low. It's one thing to have a non-commercial network that occasionally reaches out to mass audiences, or even a non-advertising network that runs endless pseudo-ads under the rubric of corporate sponsorship. But *Les Brown*?

The wise men at PBS don't know whether to praise Brown's pabulum or admit their capricious motives for airing his programs. "I think these shows appeal to the emotional side of the human character, rather than the intellectual or didactic angle," PBS president Bruce Christensen ventured gamely. Jim Scalem, vice president for fund-raising and programming, was more blunt: "We recruit certain shows specifically designed

for fund-raising.... We've found that certain genre shows do very well at pledge times." And Brown tops the list. According to PBS's own confidential figures, Brown raised \$148.67 per broadcast minute during a recent pledge drive, beating out the "Tchaikovsky Gala" (\$53.71 per broadcast minute) and "Big Bird's Birthday" (\$29.35 per minute). In fact, Brown's specials have raked in more than \$4.6 million in pledges over the past three years—more than any other single show or series.

When it comes to raising money, PBS has clearly abandoned its middle-highbrow mission. Brown is tabloid pap, about as educational to adults as the Flintstones are to children. And it's not as though PBS needs the money. Despite a recession that deeply hit the arts community, PBS reported overall funding up 13.7 percent in fiscal 1992, to \$301 million. Corporate funding jumped 22 percent to \$89.5 million, and donations from federal and state agencies increased by 55 percent to \$18.6 million. But with some of the financial pressure off, PBS has actually intensified the pledge-drive sellout.

Worse, this kind of strategy allows for people like Les Brown to abuse PBS for his own commercial ends. When I finally motivated Les to talk with me (he blew off two scheduled interviews), he outlined the thinking behind his PBS gambit. "I'd been doing motivational speaking for a few years when I tried to hook up with PBS. They already had Buscaglia and Bradshaw [noted '80s hugger Leo Buscaglia and pop psychologist John Bradshaw, whose shows also raised big money for PBS], so they resisted our efforts. But we just started with the local stations in Detroit and Chicago and then to Boston. The calls were tremendous. We had people calling in saying they were suicidal and after watching the show they were ready to go on.... Well, they started running the show during their pledge weeks and we were a huge success. The next time around, PBS was more receptive."

That receptiveness led to Brown and PBS's mutually beneficial relationship. In return for the nationwide exposure, Brown appears free and provides PBS with his merchandise at cost. It's then marked up significantly by public television to be offered as "premiums" during pledge drives. When asked if he felt guilty about down-on-their-luck viewers paying two and three times retail value for his materials, available at bookstores and at his personal appearances, Brown insisted he provides PBS affiliates with a 1-800 number where his products can be obtained by indigent viewers who can't afford to pledge. (I volunteered during the recent pledge drive of Washington's PBS station, WETA; none of the phone answerers knew about the 1-800 number.)

Meanwhile Brown, whose exposure on PBS has upped his speaking fee to \$10,000 an appearance, is moving on to greener pastures. Starting in the fall, he enters the bloated field of syndicated talk shows with the hopes, as his publicist put it, "to be the next Oprah." When asked if his show was going to feature the usual transsexual priests and tattooed house pets, Brown bellowed, "Oh

no, we're going to have guests on that move people and give them hope for their own lives. Our guests are going to inspire people to greatness!" Brown's unique brand of hopefulness will soon reach 96 percent of America over more than 100 commercial outlets. The other 4 percent, with any luck, will still be watching PBS. •

SARAJEVO POSTCARD

TENNIS ANYONE?

By Charles Lane

No matter how much you love tennis, you cannot possibly love it as much as Damir Bilalagic, a 42-year-old marketing consultant and twice-a-week club player from Sarajevo. Eleven months ago Damir fled a Serb assault on his home in the Grbavica section of town. He had just enough time to grab two plastic bags of personal effects and dash to safety on the Bosnian-controlled side of the Miljacka River. Damir was forced to abandon half a dozen prized Wilson Pro Staff tennis rackets—"just like the ones Stefan Edberg uses." Yet even as deadly shells and sniper bullets flew and the city burned, Damir was already plotting his comeback: he would publish a tennis magazine.

For months Damir pursued this quixotic obsession, brushing aside skeptical comments from his friends, spending thousands of dollars of his own money on paper and ink, wheedling with local businesses for ads and making more than a dozen trips to Sarajevo's surviving printing plant—which can only be reached by crossing the infamous "Sniper Alley." He did most of the work last December, when the city was enduring sub-freezing temperatures without the benefit of electricity, running water or relief flights from the United Nations.

Last week Damir Bilalagic proved the skeptics wrong. One thousand thirty-page glossy copies of *Tennis: the First Bosnian-Herzegovinian Tennis Magazine* hit the stands, bearing a cover price of three German marks and looking remarkably professional, all things considered. Articles include "101 Winner's Tips" and "Tennis Marketing: Does Sponsorship Pay?" But there is also an "In Memoriam" tribute to Branko Pletikosa, a leading member of Damir's beloved Bosna Tennis Club who was killed by a sniper bullet, and to Salko Curic, a karate expert and tennis buff who was killed in combat while fighting for the Bosnian army. Two young local tennis stars now serving at the front, Senad Hadzimesic, 21, and Srdja Alikalic, 23, answer questions from the magazine's editors. "As regards a direct engagement of tennis players in the ranks of the

aggressor, there aren't any," Senad assures readers.

Damir and his fellow members of the *Tennis* staff are prepared for the obvious question. "Why Now? Who Cares About Tennis Now?" asks an article by editor in chief Mehmed Halilovic. Even before the war Bosnia was never a tennis hotbed: former Yugoslavia's two international greats, Monica Seles and Goran Ivanisevic, are from Serbia and Croatia, respectively. Most people in the ruined city are too busy lining up for bread and water even to think about playing games. Yet *Tennis* isn't about the past, or even the present. "Life . . . is our survival, work, creation, even sport," writes Halilovic. "And tennis, of course. We have saved our children, our tennis hopes that will represent us with dignity in the world tomorrow. That is why we are starting this magazine."

United Nations envoy Cyrus Vance and European Community mediator Lord David Owen may be determined to ratify the overthrow of Bosnia's U.N.-recognized government and parcel out its territory to Serbian and Croatian conquerors. But the editors of *Tennis* are just as earnest about the infant republic's sovereignty and its right to membership in the club of civilized nations. "Having realized the intention and aim of the aggressors at the very beginning," the magazine says, "tennis fans have analyzed the current situation and produced some concrete tasks." These include getting the Tennis Association of Bosnia-Herzegovina into the International Tennis Federation, described by the magazine as "our contribution to the international recognition of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina."

"This could only be done by someone who's a little bit twisted," Damir concedes, fidgeting with his thick glasses and squirming in his chair. "But in a positive way." In fact, in a city where more and more citizens are succumbing to despair and looking for a way to flee, *Tennis* does seem more like an antidote to madness rather than a symptom of it. Damir's own biography typifies the war's shattering impact on the modernizing aspirations and comfortable expectations of what used to be Yugoslavia's most cosmopolitan urban middle class. He lived forty years under communism before being able to start his own private marketing agency, Bildam 40, in 1991. Earlier, he and his family had discovered tennis. "The whole conception of our life in the last few years turned to tennis," he says. "I never lived better. I had a job, a wife and kids that I loved." His voice thickens. "I lived so well that I thought it might have to end."

It did. Today, Bildam 40's modish headquarters in a downtown office building still survives, a lovingly preserved oasis of contemporary furniture and indoor-outdoor carpeting amid the remains of looting and burning. *Tennis* gamely tries to peddle Damir's services. "The magazine will come into the hands of club members, tennis associations and business people all over the world," says a house ad. "This is a chance for sponsors to remind their business partners that they are working regardless of the current circumstances." But in reality, there isn't much need for marketing and sponsorship in

Bosnia these days, and Damir's firm is essentially defunct. His wife is in Croatia. His two sons, both accomplished junior tennis players, are now living and competing in Germany. Damir cannot reach them because Sarajevo's international phone lines have been cut. "One of the most important facts about this magazine is that it will reinforce the spiritual link between my sons and me," he says. The only way for Damir to leave the city would be to run, at night, under Serbian sniper fire, across the Sarajevo airstrip to Bosnian-controlled territory and thence over the mountains to Croatia. Hundreds make the attempt every night. And each night, several dead and wounded are recovered by U.N. forces.

Not a set of tennis has been played on Sarajevo's courts since the siege began eleven months ago. Nevertheless, Damir and his fellow tennis nuts are planning a memorial doubles tournament to honor Pletikosa and Curic. They've constructed makeshift courts inside the Skenderija sports hall, a relatively intact concrete structure that was built for the 1984 Winter Olympics and housed refugees during last summer's fighting. Igor Baros, the magazine's "technical project director," actually found someone willing to part with two tennis nets in exchange for two cans of hair spray. The city's modern Zetra Sports Center, scene of the closing ceremonies in 1984 and site of a 1990 exhibition between Seles and America's Mary Joe Fernandez, is unusable. It was gutted by Serbian incendiary shells. The Bosna Tennis Club's own outdoor courts are riddled with shell craters. To accommodate the vast numbers of people who have died during the siege, the flat surface alongside the courts has been made into a graveyard.

CHARLES LANE is Berlin bureau chief of *Newsweek*.

The undervalued GAO.

WASTE WATCHERS

By Eric Konigsberg

Earlier this month Bill Clinton tapped Al Gore to head up a crash six-month "national performance review," designed to slash government waste. Gore will pick through the budget books agency by agency looking for fat. Every department will dispatch a platoon of representatives to brainstorm with the veep. The "government reinvention" scheme even includes 1-800 numbers, through which the public can phone in with complaints of waste, neglect and fraud. In his announcement, Clinton hailed the plan as "a breath of fresh air for American taxpayers."

And it is a good idea. But it's hardly the novelty it

seems. If Clinton is interested in shaving dollars, he need look no further than a bland federal office building on G Street in Washington, where the U.S. General Accounting Office has been blowing the whistle on bloat, corruption and general ineptitude since 1921. Trouble is, no one has been listening.

An independent, non-partisan agency of Congress assigned to keep an eye on how federal agencies spend their money, the GAO scrutinizes foreign aid programs, environmental cleanup projects, defense contracts, every dollar the government spends. Each year the agency's 3,800 accountants, engineers and lawyers turn out more than 1,000 reports evaluating government programs, typically at the request of congressional committee chairmen or ranking minority members.

Its probes into the wrongdoings of the executive branch are often infuriating to those it uncovers. GAO work was instrumental in revealing the HUD scandal; and the Navy's illicit sale of aircraft to Italy; and the nuclear fallout at Rocky Flats. It also brought to light last spring that the military gay ban wastes \$27 million a year.

But as an arm of a Democratic Congress, the GAO has come under attack by House Republicans like Bob Michel, Chris Cox and Newt Gingrich, who grouse that the agency is merely a tool of the leadership. "It's supposed to be a watchdog, but it's more of a lapdog for the group controlling Congress," says Cox, who is trying to cut the agency's budget by one-third. "As requesters of the reports, committee chairmen shape them."

In fact, the GAO uncovers unseemly details regardless of party. Indeed, several celebrated recent scandals originally unearthed by the agency (and originally ignored by other agencies) did more damage to Democrats than Republicans. The House bank fiasco? Discovered by the GAO. The GAO had been auditing and reprimanding House bank overdrafts as far back as 1952. Since 1990 GAO chief Charles Bowsher had issued two reports warning of excessive overdrafts and abuse. The first was completely ignored. The second went unnoticed until a reporter for *Roll Call* picked up on it.

Or take the savings and loan debacle of 1989. That crisis could have been avoided as far back as February 1986, when GAO investigator Craig Simmons conducted a study of the thrift industry and found that 461 S&Ls were insolvent and another 833 on the brink. When Simmons testified before the House Committee on Banking, Finance and Urban Affairs, committee members were outraged. Not at the abysmal numbers, but at the GAO. Committee chairman Fernand St. Germain questioned Simmons's figures and asked of another GAO auditor, William Anderson: "As the Johnny Mercer song says, 'Can we accentuate a little positive here?'" In the end, Congress ignored the report. It took a total of four years and twenty-four additional GAO reports detailing further corruption before the bailout began. As a result, the cleanup will now cost \$325 billion, instead of the \$25 billion that would have taken care of it in 1986.

Many GAO reports don't even get that much attention. Agency spokesman Cleve Corlett says that at least 70 percent of the GAO's recommendations "receive implemen-

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Setting the Record Straight

A few months ago, the *Economist* ran an article about school bureaucracy in New York City (December 19, 1992). It pointed out that per-pupil expenditures in 1991 were \$7,414—more than in all but a handful of other big metropolitan areas. But despite the relatively generous spending, the article said, public education in New York City is in bad shape because the bureaucracy eats up much of the money that should be going to students. The *Economist*'s most striking figure came from a 1990 study by Professor Bruce Cooper of Fordham University. According to Professor Cooper, in 1988-89, only \$.32 of every dollar got to the classroom—the rest went to administration.

The first time I saw this figure was a couple of years ago when Professor Cooper sent me this study prior to publishing it. Of course I was a receptive audience. I had long suspected that most school administrations—in New York City and all over the country—suffered from bureaucratic bloat and that students and teachers were being starved as a result. My suspicions were increased by the difficulty in getting consistent figures about administrative costs from school districts. So I couldn't help being impressed by an apparently objective study that confirmed what I already saw as a problem.

Nevertheless, some of the data in Professor Cooper's study didn't look quite right—especially the astounding figure showing how much money ended up in the classroom. Could it really be as little as 32 percent? So I checked Cooper's figures against the board of education budget figures and found some serious problems. For example, Professor Cooper put expenses for student transportation and food service in with administration. These things are not directly related to what goes on in the classroom, but they are essential student services, not part of bureaucratic bloat.

The biggest problem with the figures came from Professor Cooper's apparently not realizing that salaries for New York City's special education teachers, including teachers of the handicapped, are paid by the central board instead of the community boards. As a result, he counted special ed teachers as central office bureaucrats. Since they represent 25 percent of all teachers in New York City, this knocked his figures way off.



Why shouldn't
the federal
government
require
school districts
to submit
accurate data
on administrative
costs
as a condition
of receiving
federal aid?

I let Professor Cooper know about these and other problems and suggested that he go back over his figures. However, he published the paper unchanged, and the astounding—and inaccurate—figure that caught my attention has now been quoted as gospel in a number of places. It was featured in a big article in *Forbes* magazine (June 25, 1990). It appeared in a newsletter sent out by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, and there was the recent mention in the *Economist*. So now people all over the world are misinformed about the cost of the school bureaucracy in New York City.

It's too bad that no one from *Forbes* or the *Economist* or Senator D'Amato's office checked Professor Cooper's figure before quoting it. Perhaps they didn't imagine that anyone (especially an academic) would be so careless with the facts. Besides, as Lewis Carroll said, "What I tell you three times is true": A number or "fact" that is repeated often enough takes on a life of its own. So we can probably look forward, over the years, to lots more sightings of Professor Cooper's figure.

Recently, Professor Cooper unveiled a new study of school expenditures. He now uses a revised version of the model he constructed for his New York City study, and he gets very different results. According to this model, which he has applied to 30 or so school districts, the average amount of money that gets to the classroom is 61 percent, not 32 percent. That, incidentally, is consistent with figures commonly given for average classroom expenditures.

How does he square these results with what he found in New York City? Professor Cooper acknowledges that his original model was "primitive" and "flawed" and that it did not accurately represent the administrative costs in New York City schools. Will he write to the *Economist*, for example, and try to set the record straight? "No," he says, "I stand by my numbers." Why, he seems to be saying, be consistent—and honest—when you can have your cake and eat it, too?

I certainly agree with Cooper's desire to reduce bureaucracy, but the best way to get rid of high overhead for administration is by accurate public reporting and public pressure. It wouldn't be too much for the federal government to require school districts to submit accurate data on administrative costs as a condition of receiving federal aid. Then we'd have the ammunition to organize against the culprits instead of having to depend on yellow journalism masquerading as research.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1993 by Albert Shanker.

tation"; but often this means that only a fraction of a report's recommendations are heeded, and then only after the agency issues additional reports reiterating the problems. Indeed, an analysis by *Legal Times* found that over the last twenty years, the GAO has issued twenty-eight reports calling for improvement of the Superfund's contract management; eighty-two regarding the health, safety and environmental problems of America's nuclear weapons complex and commercial nuclear utilities; and 107 recommending better food inspection regulations.

All the GAO can do is throw paper. It has no means of enforcing or even lobbying for the changes it recommends. So even its most explosive reports often languish in congressional offices. For instance, the GAO has issued several reports since 1985 warning the Environmental Protection Agency to assemble a comprehensive toxic waste database. The reports have been ignored. So when a train derailment in 1991 poisoned forty-five miles of the Sacramento River with metam-sodium, producing hydrogen sulfide gas, it took the EPA two weeks to find out that the chemical could cause birth defects.

"What you have is 'Oh yeah, we're gonna do that next,' or 'we've always thought we should do that,' or 'we'll do it later,' or 'we've already done something like it,'" says Jay Etta Hecker, the GAO's point woman on the EPA report. "But they won't follow up."

The EPA isn't the only agency that has ignored GAO warnings. For twenty years the GAO has repeatedly recommended that the government revamp food inspection regulations, which were developed at the turn of the century. Currently the government burden of inspecting food is spread among five agencies and three committees on the Hill. The Food and Drug Administration, the Agriculture Department and the Commerce Department all battle over turf.

In the absence of universal standards, critical safety inspections are routinely overlooked. The USDA inspects meat and poultry every day, for example, while the FDA, responsible for fish, checks only once every three to five years. While government agencies inspect meat for blood clots, bruises, even fecal contamination—all unsightly but non-lethal sanitation problems—none checks for bacteria. And it was a type of bacteria, *E. coli*, that contaminated the hamburger meat that killed three people at West Coast Jack in the Box restaurants last month.

"They've got 7,000 inspectors ... checking for hair balls and nobody looking for bacteria, the only thing that can kill you," laments GAO official John Harman. "It's like looking at the AIDS virus without a microscope and saying, 'It doesn't appear dangerous.'"

Last June the GAO suggested that Congress hold hearings to consider the creation of a single food safety agency responsible for a uniform set of food safety laws, or at least a panel charged with developing a model for inspection and food safety enforcement. But, of course, none of the recommendations has been followed. Shooting the messenger is bad enough. The GAO can't even get the envelope in the front door. •

Why flight recorders fail.

JUNK IN THE BOX

By Kelly Richmond

United Airlines Flight 585 was coming in for a landing at Colorado Springs Municipal Airport on March 3, 1991, when something went terribly wrong. The plane, an older model Boeing 737, suddenly twisted right and plunged 1,000 feet straight down. Nine seconds later it smashed into the ground, its hull folding like an accordion, and burst into flames. All twenty-five aboard were killed.

Now, two years later, the cause of the crash is still unknown. Despite a twenty-one-month investigation that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, the National Transportation Safety Board announced in December that it could not find a probable cause. The NTSB did come to one conclusion: that investigators likely could have explained Flight 585's fate had the plane been equipped with a flight data recorder sophisticated enough to give them the information they needed.

All commercial aircraft must carry flight data recorders, the so-called "black box" (although they are really fluorescent orange) that provides technical information crucial to deciphering the cause of a crash. Modern black boxes can record up to twenty-eight separate channels of information, everything from engine thrust to the position of the flight controls. But the United airliner that crashed at Colorado Springs didn't have one of those on board. Like thousands of passenger planes, it was armed only with an archaic, 1950s-era model able to record only the most rudimentary information.

While the rest of the world's airlines have fitted their planes with more sophisticated flight recorders, loopholes in U.S. aviation regulations permit the use of old models on most of the more than 5,000 727s, 737s and DC-9s in this country. The NTSB and its allies among pilots have been pushing for two decades to close those loopholes, but the airline industry has successfully lobbied the Federal Aviation Administration to keep them wide open.

The flight recorder battle began in 1970, when the government ordered commercial airliners to upgrade their black boxes. The old models were relatively crude, mechanical devices. During flight, an engraving needle etched time, altitude, speed, heading and G-force onto a rotating foil cylinder. Newer models were digital and covered seventeen functions, including pitch and roll, control positioning and engine thrust. But the U.S. airline industry threw a fit over the new standard. Airlines com-

plained that installing the modern equipment would cost too much and lobbied the FAA to soften the requirement.

The agency rolled over. Appeasing the airlines, the FAA wrote a loophole into the law: modern black boxes would be required only in those aircraft models that came into use after 1969, such as the Boeing 747 and the Lockheed L-1011. Older models, such as 727s, 737s and DC-9s, were allowed to continue using the old five-channel recorders—even on planes built after the law went into effect.

Within a few years, however, the NTSB concluded that the FAA had made a drastic mistake and began pushing for stricter rules. In 1987 the FAA finally changed the law to require that black boxes capable of recording at least eleven flight functions be installed on all commercial aircraft (a further FAA ruling required that all planes built after 1991 carry twenty-eight-function recorders). Once again, the airlines complained, claiming that the new recorders—which cost about \$25,000—were prohibitively expensive. And once again, the FAA made a concession: the industry was given seven years—until May 1994—to comply with the new law.

As a result, there are currently 1,728 727s, 2,122 737s and 909 DC-9s flying with the ancient recorders. And with the 1994 deadline approaching, the airlines are again attempting to wiggle out of installing the new recorders. The Air Transport Association, the lobbying group that represents virtually every major U.S. airline, filed a petition last June with the FAA asking it to overrule its 1987 decision and allow the airlines until the year 2000 to install the new equipment. Backers of the petition, which is still under consideration, include United, American, Delta and Continental.

In its petition, the ATA claims that requiring modern flight recorders “imposes an economic penalty on U.S. operators without direct safety benefits.” According to ATA spokesman Chris Chiamas, “The recorders don’t make the airplanes safer.” And because new noise regulations are forcing many airlines to retire their older planes, it doesn’t make sense to spend money on new recorders for planes that will soon be out of service, the ATA says.

“I think that’s the most shortsighted argument one can muster,” says NTSB board member John K. Lauber. “History has illustrated many times the direct safety benefits of having adequate records to unravel what went wrong.” Lauber points out that when a jetliner crashed into a hillside in Berryville, Virginia, in the late 1970s, the NTSB determined from the flight recorder that the pilot hadn’t realized how close the plane was to the ground. As a result, today’s planes carry ground proximity warning devices that alert the crew when the plane is too low.

And the airlines’ repeated complaints that the new black boxes would either bankrupt them or drive up ticket prices don’t bear out. Assume that the changeover will cost the airlines around \$29 million (the amount the ATA claims). Divided by the more than 454 million passengers each year, that comes to roughly 6 cents per passenger per flight. How many travelers would balk at pay-

ing a few pennies for crucial safety equipment?

Flight 585 was only the fourth crash in twenty-five years to go unsolved by the NTSB, but the additional information provided by state-of-the-art flight recorders is needed to improve the quality of every investigation, Lauber argues. “It does have to be understood we only find a *probable* cause—our best guess as to what went wrong. Better data enable everyone to have more confidence in our probable cause, that we have not gone off on some wild goose chase.” He remembers a particularly puzzling 1985 crash in Milwaukee. The plane was equipped with an archaic flight recorder, and the NTSB still doesn’t know for sure if it figured out the real reason the plane crashed. “We think we got it,” he says, “but you don’t like to just ‘think’ when people’s lives are at stake.”

KELLY RICHMOND is a reporter for States News Service.

Research by quota.

GROUP THERAPY

By Benjamin Wittes and Janet Wittes

It swooped in below the public radar, passed the House and Senate under cover of the HIV immigration ban and is now heading for the president’s desk. Nobody talks about it, because hardly anyone knows it exists. Yet Section 131 of the National Institutes of Health Revitalization Amendments, if signed into law, will fundamentally harm the process of clinical research in the United States.

The bill mandates that “in conducting or supporting clinical research . . . the director of NIH shall . . . ensure that: (1) women are included as subjects in each project of such research; and (2) members of minority groups are included as subjects in such research.” The bill exempts studies if such inclusion is clearly inapplicable (for instance, men cannot develop ovarian cancer).

The amendments respond to the widespread view that medical research has systematically underrepresented women and minorities. The goal is to ensure the fair distribution of benefits from federally funded medical research, an admirable and ostensibly reasonable aim. In the past, some medical studies arbitrarily excluded non-whites and women (early studies of the safety and optimal doses of diuretics, for example), and studies that did include women frequently excluded all who were pre-menopausal. The trouble is that the bill fails to distinguish between these arbitrary exclusions and scientifically rational ones. By mandating that all medical research look for differences by race and gen-

der, Congress has written into law a dubious biological assumption: that races and the sexes differ so fundamentally that data from one group cannot be applied to another. The result will be to raise the cost and decrease the number of clinical studies dramatically, without adding much useful medical information.

Not all scientific exclusions of one group or another result from bigotry. Because most diseases strike the races and sexes unevenly, it makes sense for many studies to focus on subgroups with high rates of the diseases under consideration. Since more men than women suffer heart attacks, for example, studies of heart disease prevention that include only middle-aged men require many fewer persons to be tracked for a much shorter time than studies that include middle-aged women.

The scientific rationale for excluding women from these studies (and men from others) is that people of different races and sexes have more biologic similarities than differences. If a daily dose of aspirin reduces men's chances of heart attacks, odds are it also reduces women's. The odds are good enough, in fact, that most researchers confidently project findings from men onto women, and vice versa. The assumption of biological homogeneity frees research dollars for other much-needed studies.

There are, of course, instances in which an assumption of different responses among subgroups makes sense. For example, the female hormone estrogen may naturally protect pre-menopausal women from heart disease. Thus, a study of estrogen therapy to prevent heart disease should include enough men and women to compare responses by gender, since female hormones have very different effects on men and women.

But in other cases, there is no scientific rationale for striking a balance between sexes and races. For example, if trials of osteoporosis prevention must include men, the incidence of the disease in the study population will be much lower than if only women are examined. Unless the sample size is greatly increased (with corresponding increases in cost), studies will fail to observe enough cases of the disease to learn how to prevent it. Attempting to perform the bill's required "analysis of whether ... women or members of minority groups ... [respond] ... differently than other subjects in the research" without huge increases in sample sizes will lead to spurious results.

Take the recent ISIS-2 trial that showed that aspirin prevented deaths after heart attacks. To illustrate the absurdity of non-scientific subgroup analyses, Richard Peto and the ISIS Collaborative Group at Oxford classified participants not by sex or race, but according to their zodiac signs. They found that while aspirin helped most people, it harmed Geminis and Libras. Probability dictates that samples divided into many small subgroups are likely to show deviant responses in at least one of the groups. Investigators who design clinical trials, not Congress, are the proper judges of when biological differences are likely to be important enough to study separately. Rigorous, informed peer reviews provide adequate checks on

researchers without preventing them from making those judgments themselves, as Congress's guidelines do.

The most dangerous implication of the bill is not merely that every type of person must be included in all trials, but that all subgroups must be included in sufficient numbers to demonstrate possible treatment differences between them and "other subjects," presumably white men. To understand the practical consequence of such a requirement, consider the following hypothetical example: a study designed to test whether a treatment for hypertension reduces risk of stroke requires that roughly 5,000 persons be examined regularly for five years. Showing that such treatment works in women, men and minority groups requires an average of 5,000 *in each subgroup* (white men, white women, minority men, minority women). But if, as the bill would require, the trial designers were compelled to quantify marginal treatment differences between each of these groups, the sample size would skyrocket. The trial would have to be large enough not only to assert reliably that the treatment lowers the overall stroke rate, but also to demonstrate that differences between groups were due to more than chance. This would probably mean increasing the sample size by a factor of eight or more.

Such huge increases would carry enormous price tags. Last year NIH spent upward of \$800 million on clinical trials (a recent hypertension trial of 5,000 people alone cost \$50 million); analysis of all studies by gender and race would require quadrupling this budget. Analyzing *differences* between both gender and race would require more than an eightfold increase. And this increase involves only the most basic definition of "minority," one that only separates whites from non-whites. But why stop there? Conceivably, Mexican-Americans and Cuban-Americans could display subtle differences in treatment effect and disease progression, since all people of Hispanic origin are not ethnically homogeneous. How finely must we grind? In practice, funding would not rise, so the number of studies would fall. And yet, the bill states bluntly that cost is "not a permissible consideration in determining whether such inclusion is appropriate."

Using cost as a justification for exclusion appears mercenary. Yet cost in the broadest sense is precisely what makes Section 131 untenable. Limits in NIH research funds, in the number of people with any given disease and in the number of medical researchers preclude many expensive, complex studies. Conducting fewer trials that take longer and yield fewer new treatments serves no one's health. If we are serious about the health of women and minorities, we should focus not on how they respond to treatment differently from white men, but rather on the illnesses they suffer. Section 131 is the stealth bomber of American medical research: its arrival has been silent, but its explosion will be hard to miss.

BENJAMIN WITTES and JANET WITTES work for Statistics Collaborative, a company that designs clinical trials.

The post-cold war Balkan dance.

SWING KIDS

By Gary J. Bass

The cold war's been over for years, so when a crisis like the one in the Balkans comes up, there's no easy way to know what to think. Factions are proliferating in a way that could prove a model for future foreign policy posturing. What follows is a road map to the current ideological morass, running roughly from what used to be called the left to what used to be called the right.

Left-wing pro-Serbs. Few leftists have had the courage to stick with their former Communist allies, so kudos of a sort to Britain's *Living Marxism*. The March issue features a grisly photo spread of dismembered Serbs, blames the entire mess on Western interference and slams the Western media for anti-Serbian bias. "Instead of asking basic questions about unsubstantiated claims of Serbian war crimes (like 'where's the evidence?'), they have published horror stories as fact," writes Mick Hume.

Left-wing anti-Serbs. Others on the left take the opposite line. The neoliberal *Washington Monthly* usually treads delicately around foreign policy debates, but it weighed in this time with a piece blasting the State Department for "[bending] over backwards to be 'even-handed' in attributing responsibility for the conflict. Despite the overwhelming preponderance of evidence that Serbia was responsible for the conflict, senior officers took every opportunity to find fault with Croatian and Bosnian efforts to defend themselves."

Left-wing anti-anti-Serbs. Left-wingers cast adrift by the nastiness of former Titoites find the going a little tougher. Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, says his magazine's position is "a dialogue and dialectic that is on-going"—generally sympathetic to the Vance-Owen plan and, it seems, with some sympathies for the Serbs. Columnist Alexander Cockburn, while harshly critical of Serbian atrocities, distrusts "the hysterical anti-Serb tilt of the U.S. press" and insists "there's plenty of culpability for the current disaster beyond the Serbs. There were the extortions of the bankers, the ploys of U.S. politicians, the sleepless fanaticism of exiles remembering the glories of the wartime puppet Nazi republic of Croatia, now reborn under Tudjman." *The Nation*'s March 22 signed editorial by Mary Kaldor warned that "one-sided military intervention against Serbia could actually strengthen Serbian nationalism, by fueling a sense of isolation, of having been unfairly singled out for punishment." A forth-

coming piece by Steve Tesich will discuss atrocities against Serbs.

Left-wing hand-wringers. At *The Progressive*, editor Erwin Knoll admits, "We're not confident that we know what ought to be done." The magazine's October editorial says, "We must do something to stop the Serbian government, which is engaged in genocide," but rejects a military option and winds up lamely calling for stiffer sanctions and refugee relief. *Mother Jones* is equally atwitter, running only a photo essay with a text about "the Balkan paradox." Editor Jeffrey Klein says he hopes to "find a balance between stopping aggression, which is disproportionately Serbian, but not plunging in with the idea that the U.S. can solve this." The photo essay explains, "They are orphans, the people of the Balkans, left dangling by history in a measureless void." They're not the only ones. *The Village Voice* boosts the anti-Milosevic Serbian opposition. "Dim though it may be, the best hope for peace in Yugoslavia lies in establishing a sane and civil government in Serbia," write James Ridgeway and Jasminka Udovički. The *Voice* also ran a feature on Serbian anti-war protesters.

Liberal interventionists. The most prominent hawks these days are liberals. *New York Times* columnists Leslie Gelb and Anthony Lewis strongly favor military action against Serbia, dragging the *Times* itself along behind them. *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen wants the West "to give the Serbs a swift kick to the groin." Both Cohen and Lewis compare ethnic cleansing to the Holocaust. (TNR also falls into this category, and is now three-for-three in favor of post-cold war interventions: Iraq, Somalia and Bosnia.)

Establishment neo-isolationists. Moving toward the center, the Establishment is stodgily confused but generally favors a status quo settlement. *Foreign Policy* editor Charles William Maynes wants a Vance-Owen-style settlement; if that fails, he'd arm the Bosnians and maybe provide them air cover. But, he warns, "you'll create three nasty states, ethnically pure and extremely hostile to each other." *Time*'s Walter Isaacson described himself as "so fucking mushy when it comes to Bosnia," but called back a day later to say that, on reflection, he now agreed with Henry Kissinger. James Hoge Jr., the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, favors Vance-Owen and wants to "explore" the possibility of a war crimes trial. He says ethnic cleansing "is a terrible thing" but adds, "We should not treat this as some new invention in barbarism." Hoge's predecessor, William Hyland, is blunter on Serb atrocities: "Not our problem."

Conservative hand-wringers. A lengthy article by Norman Stone in *The National Interest* bravely concludes, "Everything now depends on Turkey's response—and an interesting time is ahead." Stone's essay, like another *National Interest* piece on the Balkans by Robert Kaplan, offered no suggestions as to what the United States should do.

Conservative interventionists. There's a cluster of hawks on the right—cold warriors who, still feisty after taking

out communism, have ammo left over for Milosevic. For hard-line anti-Serb rhetoric, Jeane Kirkpatrick is (once again) in a class of her own. *National Review* sneers at Vance, Owen and Vance-Owen. The magazine wants Clinton to arm the Bosnians and suggests "we could ultimately institute a massive air campaign to cripple Serbia's military and industrial capacity at home." *New York Times* columnist William Safire is more wary but says, "We should be prepared to help pose a threat on the ground as well as in the air" to deter potential ethnic cleansers.

Conservative isolationists. The anti-intervention doves are realpolitikers on the right, such as George Will, Charles Krauthammer and Josef Joffe. Some are keeping their powder dry waiting for Russia to become horrible again. Even A.M. Rosenthal, an interventionist on Iraq, now wants Europe to take the lead. Henry "There-are-no-Bosnians-per-se" Kissinger sees another Vietnam in the Balkans. Sovietologist Dimitri Simes argued that "all sides ... have committed atrocities, although the Serbs have committed more than the others, partly because their military advances gave them more opportunities," and calls intervention "morally dubious."

Feminist interventionists. A new post-cold war category here, which brings erstwhile liberals into the interventionist camp. Anna Quindlen, rightly outraged at the

mass rapes of Bosnian women, writes, "We women once liked to think that if we ran the world, there might be less emphasis on brute strength. But pacifism suddenly seems a pallid ideal beside these stories." The *Voice* also ran a piece on the rapes, calling for a stern law against such crimes.

Right-wing pro-Croats. Pat Buchanan, otherwise an America First isolationist, remembers fondly that Croatia once "belonged to the Habsburg Empire and was for centuries the first line of defense of Christian Europe." As a reward, Buchanan was an early advocate of U.S. recognition of Croatia and even of military intervention: "I would send the Sixth Fleet on a courtesy call to Dubrovnik, and that's the last time we would see any of those Communist gunboats."

Feminist hand-wringers. In a piece in *off our backs* titled "Belgrade Feminists 1992: Separation, Guilt and Identity Crisis," Serbian feminists Lepa Mladjenovic and Vera Litncin ask, "Does my presence at opposition (chauvinistic and male-oriented) demonstrations against Milosevic reduce my feelings of helplessness?" Taking it one step further, the magazine also ran an interview with "Croatian-Serbian Lesbians Split by War." The magazine's position? It doesn't have one. "We're sort of a loose collective," explained a staff member.

Clear now? •

A plan for helping Boris Yeltsin.

BY A THREAD

By Michael Mandelbaum

While Boris Yeltsin fights for his political life, Russia itself is on the brink of disaster. If the effort to build democracy and free markets there fails, the world will become a far more dangerous place. Timely Western aid can help that effort succeed. But the hour is late. The meeting scheduled for April 3 and 4 in Vancouver between Presidents Clinton and Yeltsin—assuming the Russian leader retains some power—may be the last good chance for the West to act.

Russia is in the midst of three enormous, difficult, painful transitions: from multinational empire to nation-state; from totalitarian to democratic rule;

MICHAEL MANDELBAUM is professor of American foreign policy at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.

and from a centrally planned to a free market economic system. The three are closely linked. Peaceful Russian relations with what used to be its provinces and are now independent neighbors depend on the maintenance of a tolerant regime in Moscow. That in turn depends on a successful economic transition. But that transition is going badly. If it collapses, it could plunge Russia into the chaos that has overtaken the Balkans. But two important differences distinguish the former Soviet Union from the former Yugoslavia. The Balkan carnage is the work of what are, by the standards of the late twentieth century, rudimentary instruments of destruction. By contrast, the former Soviet Union is the site of thousands of nuclear weapons. And the Balkan horrors have thus far been contained; aside from the grim spectacle they present on television and the refugees they

PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

NEW ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS

"Religion in the Public Schools: Guidelines for a Growing and Changing Phenomenon," \$5.00 includes shipping.

Dimensions magazine, a journal of Holocaust studies, subscription price \$15.00 for three issues, \$25 for six issues. Special issue on the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising.

"Hitler's Apologists: The Anti-Semitic Propaganda of Holocaust Revisionism,"—a major new publication from ADL's Research and Evaluation Department. This book reports on the growing international scope of the Holocaust denial movement. The invasion of college campuses by Holocaust deniers and their cynical attempts to debate a "Holocaust" or offer "scientific proof" that events of the Holocaust never occurred are discussed at length in this report. \$8.00 per copy plus \$2.50 for shipping.

Write to ADL, Dept MRC, 823 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

THE HENRY L. STIMSON CENTER

Key West Revisited: Roles and Missions of the US Armed Forces in the Twenty-first Century. This report, the product of a 2-year study directed by Barry M. Blechman, offers a plan for recasting US defense organization and realigning the functions of the armed services to meet America's security needs within declining defense budgets. Price: \$6.00. Write to 21 Dupont Circle, NW, Fifth Floor, Washington, DC 20036, or call 202-223-5956.

CENTER FOR STRATEGIC & INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Cuba and the New Caribbean Economic Order, Ernest H. Preeg. Cuba is in an unprecedented financial crisis. The inevitable path is for reintegration within the Caribbean-North American region. This study contends that with the passing of ideological confrontations, political decisions about Cuba should be based more heavily on projected economic consequences. Price: \$9.95. To order, please call 202-775-3119.

INSTITUTE FOR POLICY STUDIES

Abolishing the War System. Marcus Raskin presents a draft treaty on disarmament and common security designed to demonstrate the possibilities of a disarmament program linked to dynamic international institutions and worldwide citizen participation. The book also includes an interview with Raskin, a discussion on the relationship between disarmament and intelligence activities, and a conclusion by Howard Friel on disarmament in the framework of international law. 129 pp., paper, \$12.00. Send prepaid orders to IPS Publications, 1601 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

As a follow-up to the book a public forum on disarmament will be held at 106 Dirksen Senate Office Building, April 22, 1993, 4:00-6:00. The discussion will include moving beyond the war system and moving towards an effective international security regime. For more information call Julie Buckles at (202) 234-9382 x206.

THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Recent publications on new manifestations of anti-Semitism in the U.S. and abroad:

Anti-Semitism in Argentina: Recent Trends by Jennifer Golub, \$2.00.

Attitudes Toward Jews in the Soviet Union: Public Opinion in Ten Republics by Lev Gudkov and Alex Levinson, \$10.00.

Farrakhan and the Jews in the 1990s by Kenneth Stern, \$2.00.

Japanese Attitudes Toward Jews by Jennifer Golub, \$3.00.

The 1992 New York City Intergroup Relations Survey by Carolyn Setlow and Renae Cohn, \$2.50.

Wariness Toward Jews and Postcommunist Panic in Slovakia by Zora Burorova and Martin Butora, \$2.00.

Order from The American Jewish Committee, 165 E. 56 Street, New York, NY 10022, or call 212-751-4000, ex. 366.

THE PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD® IS AN ADVERTISING SERVICE OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

have generated, they have had only a modest impact on the rest of Europe. By contrast, the West could not shield itself from similar developments in the vast Eurasian territory stretching from Ukraine to the Pacific Ocean, with its 300 million people.

The highest priority of American foreign policy must therefore be to do whatever is possible to keep the three great Russian transitions on course. The best strategy for doing so is to support the forces of moderation, Westernization, free markets and democracy in Russia. All are represented in the government of Boris Yeltsin. Support for democracy in Russia means support for Yeltsin, and support for Yeltsin means devoting substantial Western assistance to the problem that has strengthened his political adversaries: the growing Russian economic catastrophe.

Russia's major economic problem is not the precipitate drop in output (on the order of 25 percent last year) or the threat of massive unemployment. The reduction in output is desirable, for Russia makes too much of the wrong things. It is ultimately good for the Russian economy to make less steel, since this frees resources to make things the Russian people want and need. It is good for the world for Russia to make fewer tanks and missiles; and the largest single component of the drop in output last year was the steep decline in military production.

The real threat to the Russian economy is, in fact, the consequence of what the Yeltsin government did, under pressure from its political opponents, in response to the fall in production. It created money on a dangerously large scale, in the form of subsidies to industrial enterprises and credits to other former Soviet republics so that they could purchase goods made in Russia. Between July and October of last year the supply of rubles tripled. In December the government injected an estimated \$1 billion worth of rubles into the economy. This money-creating spree has had a predictable effect: hyperinflation. Prices in Russia are now rising at a rate approaching 50 percent per month.

Hyperinflation is the economic equivalent of cancer. The cure is debilitating, but if untreated the disease is fatal—both to the economy and to the legitimacy of the regime that presides over it. Hyperinflation could lead to economic anarchy, with Russians accepting a regime that provides order by almost any means, and at almost any cost. To stop hyperinflation the Russian government must stop printing money and issuing credits and must sharply reduce subsidies to firms and industries. This process, which the Yeltsin government, led by the new Deputy Prime Minister Boris Fyodorov, is poised to try once again, cannot succeed without Western help. This is the purpose to which Western aid should now be put.

The aid package now available, administered by the International Monetary Fund, was to have provided Russia with a total of \$24 billion in 1992. Just how much Russia actually received is difficult to calculate precisely. Still, the figure was less than \$24 billion, by some esti-

mates no more than \$10 billion. Virtually all of this was in the form of short-term commercial credits tied to specific purchases, much of which must be repaid in 1993—a deadline the Russian government will not be able to meet. An effective aid package, one that would stand a serious chance of helping the Russian government fix its economy, would differ from the existing plan in three ways.

The first difference has to do with conditions. The IMF plan requires Russia to achieve certain macroeconomic targets involving the inflation rate and the budget deficit before it receives Western funds. The existence of conditions is not the problem. Aid must be conditional, and the Russian government must tackle the root causes of hyperinflation. But implementing the measures necessary for stabilization and getting the money ought to be simultaneous, not sequential. The Yeltsin government ought to be able to count on having the funds *while* it is taking politically difficult steps, not afterward.

Second, aid ought to be more in the form of cash grants and less in forms that create even more debt, such as the trade credits that dominate the IMF package. Third, an effective aid package needs a far higher political profile. It ought to be the result of an agreement between the president of Russia and the leaders of the Group of Seven, especially the United States, rather than the product of negotiations between obscure officials of the Russian government and unknown international civil servants.

What would such a package include? The most important part would be a social fund, in the form of cash, to cushion the shock for those who lose their jobs, supplement the income of pensioners, provide medical supplies and perhaps support high-visibility joint projects such as housing for returning army officers. The total cost would be between \$6 billion and \$8 billion, to be divided among the members of the G-7. In addition, Russia's foreign debt must be rescheduled, and a reserve fund must be established to support currency convertibility once inflation is under sufficient control to make this feasible.

The purpose of such an aid package would be partly psychological: to give the Yeltsin government the confidence in itself and the credibility with its own public necessary to follow through on stabilization measures. The purpose would also be partly political: to provide the government with actual resources it can deliver to constituencies that will be hurt by the economic hardship these steps will bring. This package would also have a salutary economic effect: it would not only encourage the government to fight inflation, but also in itself help curtail the rise in prices. The government could use cash to buy goods in the West that it could then sell for rubles, which, because of the lopsided ruble-dollar exchange rate (now approaching 600 to one), would soak up part of the pool of currency that is fueling hyperinflation. Whatever goods and services are purchased with Western currency do not have to be paid

for in rubles, which are rubles the government does not have to print.

This aid, however, provides no guarantee that the Russian government would be able to carry out a successful program of economic stabilization. The central government in Russia is extraordinarily weak. Regional and local authorities routinely ignore Moscow's laws and decrees. Although this may be a welcome impediment to any successor regime that attempts to reimpose order, it also inhibits the creation of the conditions necessary for a healthy market economy: a sound currency, laws protecting private property and enforcing contracts and the sorting out of the powers and jurisdictions of the different branches and levels of government.

Another obstacle to the effective use of a larger, more generous package of Western aid is the corruption that pervades Russian life. The Communist government was itself deeply corrupt. Now, with the erosion of all authority and the presence of economically illogical regulations—many left over from the old regime—stealing and cheating are less inhibited. Money the West sends to Moscow to help Russia's poor risks ending up in the personal Swiss bank accounts of the newly rich. Yet the stakes are so high that the risk is worth taking.

To be sure, Western economic assistance cannot make Russia rich. But the goal is not to raise Russians' standard of living. The goal is stabilization: to help the Russians stop their free-fall into economic chaos, after which they can begin the slow, laborious climb toward prosperity. And it is a goal that can be achieved.

Why should Russian economic stability and democratic politics concern the United States? The answer lies not merely in the general benefits that a large, peaceful market and polity in Eurasia would bring, but in the calamitous geopolitical consequences that would follow if the Yeltsin experiment should fail. Those consequences begin with Russia's relationships with her immediate neighbors, the now-independent former Soviet republics.

The Soviet Union is not the first great multinational political community to break apart in the twentieth century. The dissolution of the Habsburg, the Ottoman, the British and the French empires each led to violence on a grand scale. The successor states were often unstable; the borders among them were frequently in dispute; and everywhere communities that had lived together peacefully for generations under imperial rule were suddenly at each other's throats.

Some of this is already occurring in the former Soviet Union. The worst case is in the new Central Asian country of Tadjikistan, where a civil war between Islamic

and Communist forces has claimed at least 25,000 lives and created a reported 350,000 refugees, many of whom have fled across the border to Afghanistan. In the Caucasus, tens of thousands of Christian Armenians and Muslim Azerbaijanis have been forced to abandon their homes. Life in the Armenian capital of Yerevan has come to resemble everyday existence in Sarajevo without the constant artillery barages.

There are two potential sources of even greater upheaval. One is the non-Russians living within what is now Russia. Some of them, notably the Chechens of the North Caucasus and the Tatars of the Middle Volga, are agitating for independence from Russia. A

non-democratic regime in Moscow might use force to prevent this. The other danger to the shaky peace comes from the 25 million ethnic Russians living outside Russia. While the Soviet Union existed, they were the representatives of the dominant nation in its provinces. Now they are a diaspora, stranded in foreign countries where they are unpleasant reminders of the imperial past. If the Russian government felt obliged to defend them, this would lead to Russian intervention in the internal affairs of its neighbors, resuming an imperial pattern of foreign policy, with a Russian government seeking to dominate or occupy its neighbors.

Disturbing parallels exist between today's Russia and the Weimar Germany of the post-World War I period.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Each was the successor state of a great power that had suffered a major defeat in a global conflict. In both, severe economic distress weakened fragile democratic structures that had been put in place at the war's end. In Germany the conviction spread that the nation had been "stabbed in the back," because the German defeat in the fall of 1918 had come so suddenly. Similarly, few Russians were prepared for the swift collapse of the Soviet Union. In Germany the result was a fascist regime, a determined program of rearmament and a campaign to regain what had been lost that led to the bloodiest war in history. Some Russian political figures are openly calling for a foreign policy that would restore their lost territory and imperial greatness.

Russians are already impinging on the sovereignty of Moldova, once a Soviet republic, now an independent state. The Russian minority there, with the help of a Russian army unit left over from the Soviet period, has proclaimed an independent "Trans-Dniestrian Republic." Yeltsin at first opposed them; now he has come around to offering rhetorical support. The situation is even more explosive in the new Baltic states. Estonia and Latvia have refused to grant Russians living within their borders automatic citizenship. Some in Moscow are charging that Yeltsin is doing too little to protect the Baltic Russians. If the situation deteriorates far enough, it is conceivable that Russia will use force against the Balts. The Baltic states are part of Europe. A Russian assault there, or even military pressure, would mark the return of a Russia that the Europeans to the west resisted for much of the last two centuries.

By far the most dangerous relationship in the former Soviet Union, however, the one in which nuclear weapons play a perilous role, is the one between Russia and Ukraine, the two largest post-Soviet states, with populations of 150 million and 52 million respectively. Both possess or are building significant armies. The largest ethnic Russian community outside Russia is located in Ukraine, numbering between 11 million and 12 million. Russia and Ukraine have found themselves at odds over the division of the property of the old Soviet Union, in particular its Black Sea Fleet and its foreign debt. Territorial questions also divide them. Some Russians believe that part of what is now in Ukraine should be Russian. The Crimean peninsula in the Black Sea, for instance, was "given" to Ukraine by Nikita Khrushchev in 1954, when the Ukrainian-Russian border was a meaningless line on the map.

But the fundamental cause of tension between the two countries goes deeper. It is a matter of psychology and basic political identity. For the better part of three centuries, much of what is now independent Ukraine was ruled by Russia. Given this history, and the close ties of family, culture, language and economics between the two, it is difficult for many Russians to accept the idea of a sovereign, independent Ukraine. Some Russian political figures, and not necessarily the most extreme of them, speak of a prospective "reunification" of the two. Not surprisingly, this alarms Ukrainians, who see Rus-

sians scheming to deny them their new independence.

The United States is being drawn into the Ukrainian-Russian disputes through Washington's ongoing effort to reduce the cold war's most lethal products: the stockpiles of nuclear weapons in the United States and the former Soviet Union. The first Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty was signed in 1991, when the Soviet Union was still intact. When it collapsed, the weapons covered by the treaty, those of "strategic" or intercontinental range that are capable of striking North America, were located in four independent countries: Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and Kazakhstan. Last May in Lisbon, representatives of these four and of the United States agreed that under START I the three non-Russian states would give up the nuclear weapons within their borders and accede to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

Since then Ukraine has balked at carrying out the Lisbon accords. Its parliament has put off ratifying them. Its government has declared that the 176 missiles and thirty-seven bomber aircraft with more than 1,500 warheads on its soil are Ukrainian property, even though operational control of them remains with Moscow. Ukrainian officials have said they will accede to the Lisbon terms only if they get financial compensation from the West in return, and if they receive security guarantees of an unspecified nature.

The reason for the first demand is self-evident. The reason for the second is lingering fear of Russia. If Ukrainians insist on keeping the nuclear weapons on their territory, they will scuttle START I and the subsequent START II agreement that George Bush concluded with Yeltsin just before leaving office, which together dramatically reduce the nuclear arsenals on both sides. For if Ukraine does not ratify the Lisbon protocol, Russia will not fulfill its obligations under the two treaties, in which case the United States will have little incentive to do so either.

Given its suspicions of Russia, without security guarantees and with the arms treaties as dead letters Ukraine might well move toward becoming a nuclear-armed state itself, either by gaining operational control of the missiles on its territory or by using the scientists, technicians and industrial facilities it has inherited from the Soviet Union to build new ones. A nuclear arms race between Ukraine and Russia could only strengthen the chauvinist forces within each country and could shatter the bipolar nuclear order with which Europe has learned to live. Poland, then Germany, then all of Europe (and thus the United States) would have to recalculate their security requirements. In the worst case, faced with an embryonic Ukrainian nuclear arsenal, the Russian government would be tempted to do what Soviet authorities hinted they were considering doing to the Chinese nuclear force in 1969: launch a pre-emptive strike to destroy it.

All this presents the United States with a dilemma. If Washington resists paying the price Ukraine is demanding for its non-nuclear status, it risks pushing the Ukrainians toward the acquisition of such

weapons. If, on the other hand, the American government takes an accommodating tack, this risks encouraging Ukraine to raise its demands and could signal to other countries that the best way to get Western attention and money is to start a nuclear weapons program. Further, Ukrainians might decide that they would not feel secure against Russia without the protection the West Germans enjoyed during the cold war: a large contingent of American troops and the extension of the American nuclear umbrella over their territory. There is no reason to think the United States is now prepared to extend NATO to the border between Ukraine and Russia.

Ultimately, the best guarantee of harmony between these two states is a new pan-European security order in which no country feels threatened by another. This would certainly involve expanding the membership and extending the reach of NATO, perhaps to the Pacific coast of Russia. It would entail negotiating stricter limits on military forces in Eurasia than already exist and more intrusive methods of monitoring compliance with these limits. The members of what would be a new security organization would have to agree on the political circumstances in which force could be used and assemble a multinational army to carry out this task. None of this has a precise precedent in international history. All of these new institutions and procedures would be difficult to devise. Devising them is a project for the long term, not the immediate future.

In the short term the best way to keep the relationship between Russia and Ukraine from deteriorating to an even more dangerous point is to help Yeltsin stay in power. He has pursued as restrained, moderate and judicious a policy toward Ukraine, as well as toward the Baltic states and the other republics, as any Russian leader could. And this returns the focus of Western policy to the Russian economy. For the way to help him retain power, and to maximize Western influence on Russian policies at home and abroad, is to supply generous economic assistance immediately.

It is for the United States to take the lead in assembling such a package. President Clinton plainly recognizes the challenge. But the obstacles to effective American action are formidable. The United States will not send money to Russia unless the other wealthy industrial countries contribute as well. But most now have governments that are politically weak and thus unlikely to undertake difficult and costly initiatives. The two most important of them, Germany and Japan, operate under special constraints. The Germans are committed to huge expenditures to bring the former East Germany up to a Western standard of living. And Germany has already put a great deal of money into Russia, much of it during the Gorbachev era, much of it wasted, lost or stolen. As for Japan, its economy is in recession and its government at odds with Russia over ownership of the four southern islands of the Kurile chain, which the Japanese call their "northern territories." The Soviet Union seized them at the end of World War II and

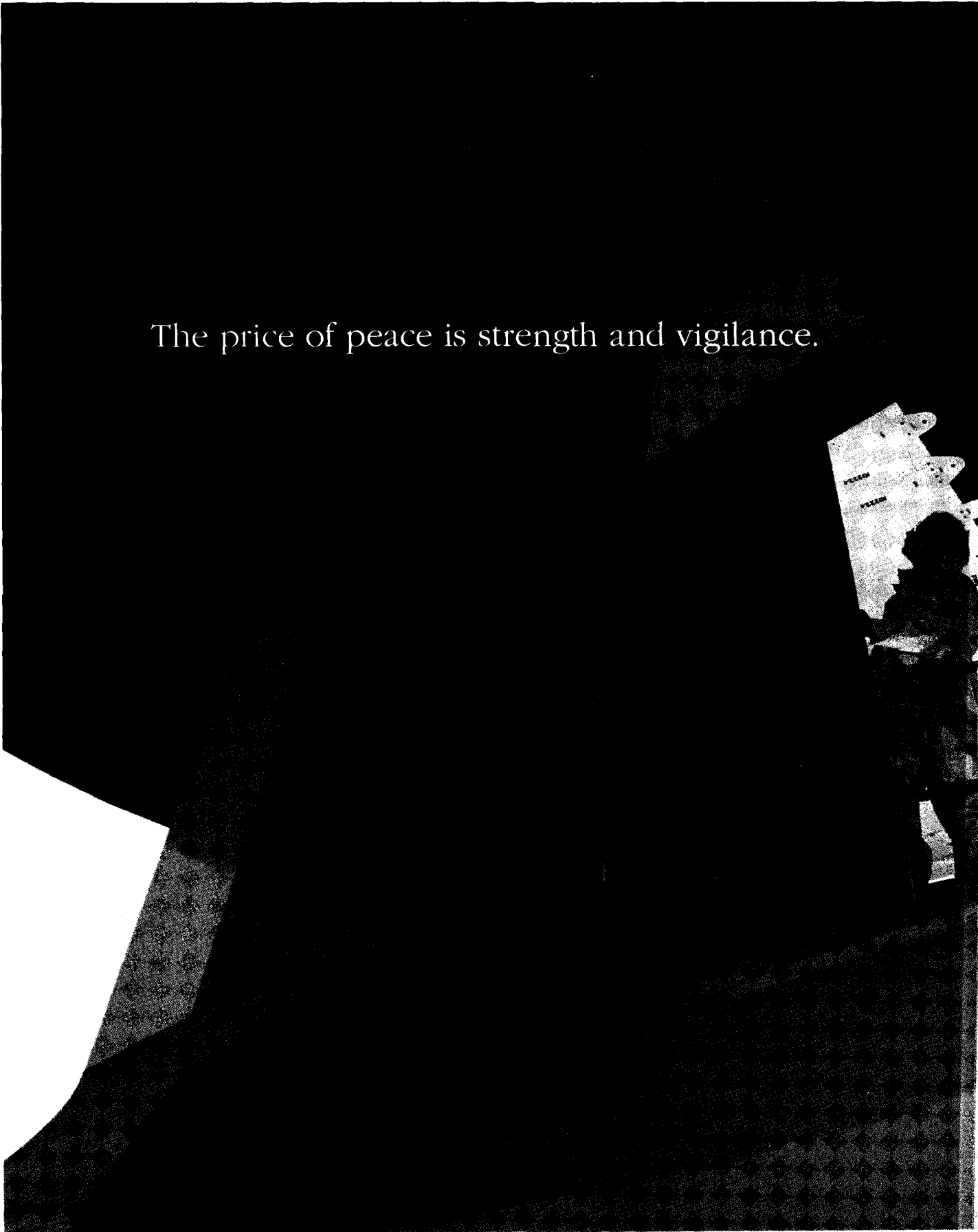
Japan has demanded their return ever since, a demand the United States has consistently supported. The Japanese have said they will not send assistance on a large scale until Russia returns the islands to them; Yeltsin is not now strong enough politically to make the trade.

Even if the other members of the G-7 decide to assist Russia, moreover, it is not a foregone conclusion that the United States will contribute. The American share would not be particularly large; the cash grants would probably be on the order of \$1 billion to \$2 billion. But foreign aid is the least popular of all federal programs; and the agenda that economic circumstances have imposed on the Clinton administration—increased taxes, reduced social spending and perhaps limits on access to health care—will not make it more so. It is far from clear that even as gifted a political leader as Bill Clinton can give money to Russians while taking it away from Americans.

Expanded aid to Russia would surely be politically contentious. In contrast to cold war issues, it would probably not polarize people along the familiar left-right axis. Rather, it would divide elite from mass opinion. Opinion leaders from all parts of the political spectrum would support a more robust effort to support Russian democracy, while the proposal might come under withering attack on radio and television call-in programs. With a war of four decades at an end, the country is in the grip of a powerful impulse to demobilize and devote more attention to domestic affairs.

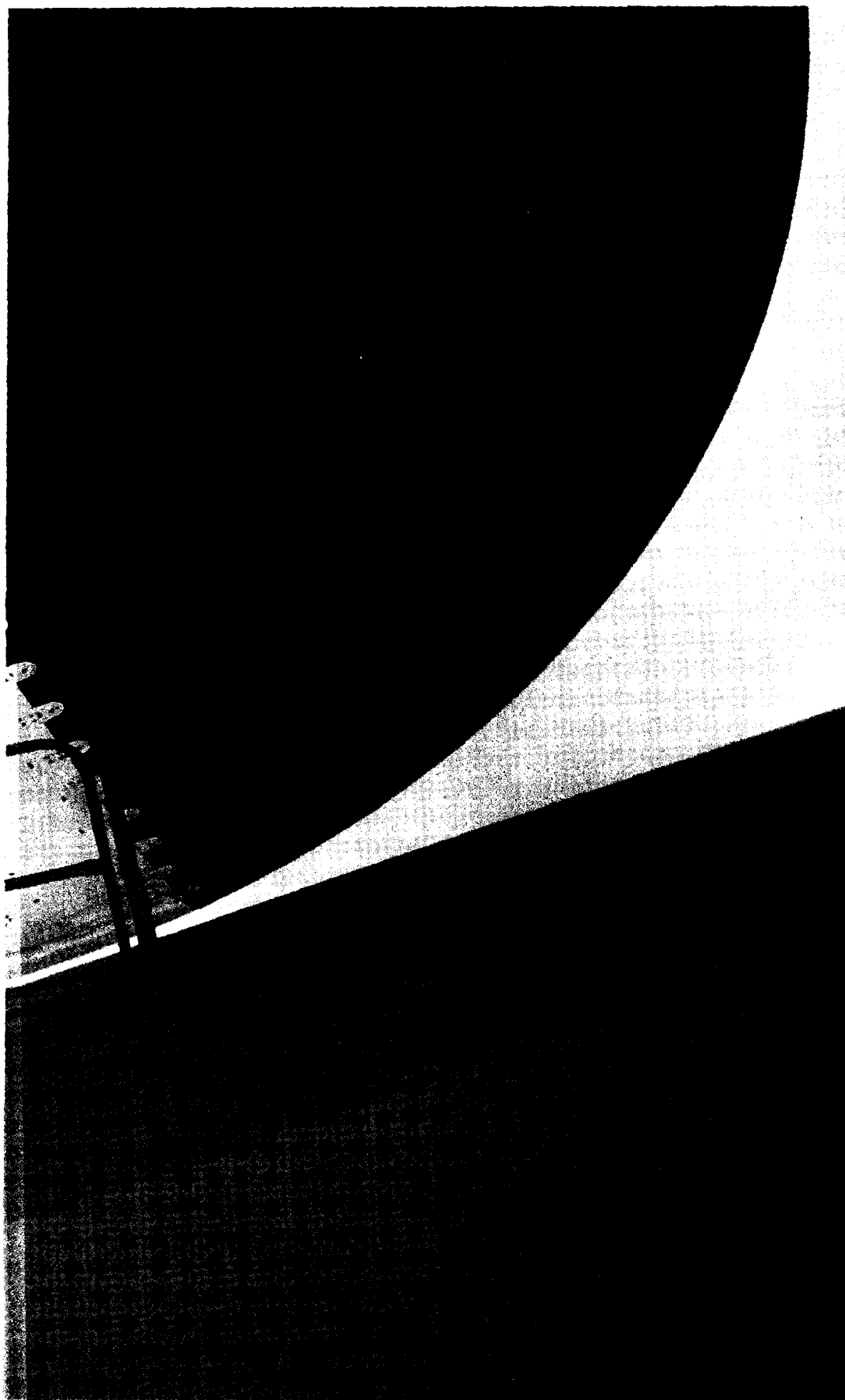
The parallel between the present moment and 1947, and indeed with 1919 and the end of World War I as well, is apt. For the third time in this century a great war has ended. For the third time the United States has been part of the winning coalition. For the third time a new international order must be created. And now, as in the past, what happens to the defeated power will have a crucial effect on that order. After World War I the United States withdrew from an active role in European security affairs. Partly as a result, the postwar settlement collapsed. After World War II the United States remained engaged. Largely as a result, Europe enjoyed four decades of stability, which were also decades of freedom and prosperity for the western part of the continent. Whether the blessings the cold war brought to Western Europe can be extended to the Eastern Europeans in the post-cold war era depends heavily on what happens in Russia, which in turn partly depends on what the United States does to affect events there.

There is a sign in the office of the well-known Indiana University basketball coach Bobby Knight that reads: "Don't chase the rabbits. If you chase the rabbits, the elephants will kill you." The other foreign policy issues that compete for the attention of the president, Congress and the foreign policy community—Iraq, Somalia and Bosnia—are rabbits. Russia is an elephant; and if it rages out of control, it will crush the world's hopes for a peaceful, cooperative, international future. •



The price of peace is strength and vigilance.

For more information, write to Boeing Defense & Space Group, P.O. Box 3999, M/S 80-PH, Dept. N, Seattle, WA 98124-2499.



Peace-time reductions in America's military strength this century have been followed by wars for which we were largely unprepared. One conclusion that can be drawn from that historical record is that strength, patience and sacrifice can help keep the peace. That's one reason why Boeing continues to support America's armed forces. Another is that, if it becomes necessary to send America's sons and daughters into harm's way in the future, we owe them our best and fullest support. As the nation's defense forces are scaled back, Boeing is responding appropriately. We will remain a reliable partner for America's armed forces. And we intend to stay near the leading edge of defense-related technology, ready for swift response when needed.

BOEING

KING ROBERT

By Fred Barnes

Bob Dole, the Senate Republican leader, has summoned a half-dozen senior GOP senators to his dining room in the Capitol. It's a working breakfast, serious business in Washington, and the senators are expected to perform at Dole's command. They sit among the guests, who on this morning, March 12, happen to be fifteen or so columnists and reporters. One by one, Dole calls on the senators to rise and criticize elements of President Clinton's economic program. They do. It's a Dole-driven show, yet he's detached, wry, cynical, half-serious. He makes fun of himself, his party, his taste for hardball politics. When Senator Don Nickles of Oklahoma complains that Clinton is luring business support by promising to fix special problems of corporations, Dole mutters, "Fix your wagon." Then he grins. His implication is clear. Clinton will screw business. When chumminess between auto companies and Clinton is mentioned, Dole says he's written to Red Poling, president of Ford. "I said now that I think about it, we ought to tighten up the CAFE standards." He grins again, knowing the letter will irritate Poling. The discussion turns to Republican opposition to raising the top income tax rate. Dole's explanation: "The leadership's all rich." After saying this, he catches himself and asks the press to forget the remark. But he doesn't really care if they do or not.

This is Dole's moment. For the first time, he's the top Republican in Washington, second fiddle to no one. His predecessor as GOP leader, Howard Baker, is growing rich

as a Washington lawyer. The presidents he served, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and George Bush, have left town for good. (The joke about Bush is that his only public appearance was at a Houston retirement home, where he asked an elderly woman if she knew who he was. "No, but if you check at the front desk, I'm sure they can help you," she replied.) Dole's Republican rivals com-

mand far less attention than he does. Jack

Kemp spends his time giving speeches for money. Newt Gingrich, the House GOP whip, has toned down his criticism of Dole.

He once called Dole "the tax collector for the welfare state." Now he refers to Dole as a "pre-Reagan" Republican. Worse things can be said.

They will be—and soon—if Dole's game plan for combating Clinton fails. In Clinton's first two months as president, the Republican response was lame, and it may get worse before it gets better. Dole's strategy is to retreat, taking potshots at Clinton's proposals but avoiding a major confrontation until later, maybe much

later. Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon uses the Stalingrad analogy ("We will keep withdrawing until the

Germans get to Stalingrad, and then we'll defeat them"). But the Vietnam analogy works better. Like the North Vietnamese, Dole faces a superior force (Clinton, plus Democratic majorities in the Senate and House). He wants to wear down his adversary before engaging in a cataclysmic battle. In the meantime, he maintains normal civilities with his foe, insisting he's ready to help if terms can be arranged. This is the equivalent of peace



talks. "We want to disagree without being disagreeable," Dole says.

In truth, there's no percentage in being harsh toward Clinton now. He's young, likable, dynamic, popular and at the peak of his power. Dole treats him with respect, even kindness. When the president phoned in late February to thank him for helping Clinton appointees through confirmation, Dole was gentle. He asked about the economic stimulus package, which Dole opposes. Clinton "explained this wasn't his idea," Dole says. "He said, 'I never talked about a stimulus package in my campaign, but I've been convinced we need it.'" Dole's response was: "I don't know why." But he didn't belabor the point. That would be counterproductive.

The mistake Dole avoided was the one House Republican Whip Dick Armey of Texas made at a White House meeting on February 17, the day Clinton delivered his economic speech to Congress. Armey told Clinton that his plan would cause an economic nosedive and that he'd be a one-term president. "Of course, that doesn't bother me, Mr. President," Armey added. Democratic Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia reacted angrily. He'd never in the last twelve years heard a Democrat sit in the White House and address a Republican president that rudely, he huffed. Word of the clash leaked, and Armey got the worst of it in the retelling. Dole says Armey's faux pas was not smiling as he zinged Clinton: "Everything's tone in this town. I've said things when I wasn't smiling and I should have been." While faulting Armey's style, Dole agrees Clintonomics is bound to fail. "I think so," he says dryly.

Dole's theory about Clinton's popularity is that it is based on ignorance of what's in his economic program. Once the public discovers it's filled with tax hikes, new spending and excessive defense cuts, his popularity will plummet. When the economy fails to respond to a new dose of almost traditional liberalism, the polls will reflect growing public restlessness. And as the extremely tricky and potentially explosive issue of health care meets public concern and special-interest overdrive, the burnish will be well and truly off the Clinton bubble. Then Republicans will be free to assault him frontally. For now, their job is to inform the public about the program. That's why Dole and Republican national chairman Haley Barbour are financing a poll on how much Americans really know about the Clinton plan. And that's why Dole brought senior Republican senators to the breakfast with journalists. "Our problem has been getting our message out," Dole said at the breakfast. "Maybe it's the messenger, maybe not."

The message doesn't include a Republican alternative to Clinton's budget. That would only be a distraction, drawing attention from the president's program. So when Colorado Senator Hank Brown presented Clinton with his alternative (\$679 billion in deficit reduction over five years), Dole gave him the cold shoulder. After the lunch with Clinton, Dole was asked if Brown's plan was the official Republican response. "It's the official Brown response," Dole snapped. Amazingly, most Republicans agree with Dole, not Brown or Representative John Kasich of Ohio, who drafted a House alternative. Senator Trent Lott of Mississippi, No. 4 in the Senate GOP hierarchy,

learned the hard way about touting an alternative. In a hearing with budget director Leon Panetta, he pulled out a piece of paper listing \$216 billion in spending cuts. When Panetta asked for it, Lott put it back in his pocket. Democrats made Lott's list—or the absence of it—an issue for weeks. "It was a good strategy on their part," Lott admits.

When will Republicans confront Clinton more aggressively? Dole doesn't know. He's content to skirmish now. Rather than attack the whole Clinton economic program, Republicans will concentrate on its least popular part, the energy tax. If that's knocked out, Republicans may gain marginal influence on the economic plan. This isn't likely, but it's the best Dole can hope for. He relishes small victories. Republican senators stuck together in filibustering what Dole calls "the stupid motor voter registration bill." This allowed him to deliver an ultimatum to Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. "Unless you make eight or ten changes, you won't get cloture," the sixty votes required to shut off debate and pass the bill. Should Republicans repeat this minor success a few times, "then we can have some influence around here," Dole says.

They're not there yet, or even close. Dole's biggest achievement is making himself the most visible Republican in America. He's been on national T.V. shows a dozen times since Election Day, surely a record for a member of the opposition party. And he emceed the ninetieth birthday banquet for Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina on March 9 (it was broadcast on C-SPAN). At one point, just after Byrd had spoken, Dole blurted, "Is Dr. Kevorkian here? We've got a call for Dr. Kevorkian." The crowd laughed. Dole subsequently denied he was casting any aspersions on his colleague. "It didn't occur to me," he said. Later, Dole thought of a follow-up he wished he'd said: "Dr. Kevorkian called for Strom. I told him to call back in ten years."

A caustic quipster is an odd choice as party leader, but Republicans knew what they were getting. Dole has changed little since he arrived in Washington, as a House member, in 1960. He moved up to the Senate in 1968. He's been in Congress longer than all but three senators (Thurmond, Byrd and Daniel Inouye). President Nixon installed him as Republican national chairman in 1971-72. "That was a lot of fun, except we got cut out of the action—thank goodness. We didn't go to jail." Dole has a bitter streak. It surfaced famously in 1976 when he was President Ford's vice presidential running mate. (Ford personally picked Dole against the advice of his campaign advisers, who favored a woman or a more liberal man.) In a nationally televised debate with Walter Mondale, he referred acidly to "Democrat wars." His right arm and upper body were shattered by shrapnel in World War II, three weeks before the war in Europe ended. He spent four years recuperating in hospital wards.

One of the many anomalies about Dole—anomalies, considering he's the undisputed leader of Republicans—is his strong support for aiding the handicapped. This issue is hardly a GOP staple. Dole is also a pragmatist, though congressional Republicans tend to be conserva-

tive ideologues. He's an insider. His colleagues are mostly outsiders. (Dole lives at the Watergate and owns a condominium in Bal Harbour, Florida, in the same building as Robert Strauss, David Brinkley, Tip O'Neill, Howard Baker and Sam Donaldson.) He's an elitist. They're populists. He's essentially negative. They strive to be positive. He's a man without a political vision. They prefer to rally around visionaries like Reagan or Kemp.

In Dole's view of politics, stopping bad things is more important than starting good ones. "Every day I come to work I feel we can accomplish something today, maybe we can stop something," he says. By his own reckoning, Dole's greatest achievement was forcing an austerity budget through the Senate in 1985 that froze Social Security cost-of-living increases and federal pensions, slashed domestic spending deeply and terminated twenty-five programs. "We cut back all those screwball programs," he boasts. "HUD programs were cut," he recalls with particular relish. The budget passed 50-49, only to be wiped out later when House Republican leaders Kemp and Lott intervened. They persuaded the Reagan White House to withdraw support, and another, less draconian budget passed. Dole remembers the defeat vividly. Rarely asked about it, he mentions the 1985 budget anyway in nearly every T.V. appearance. He bears a grudge. He opposed the elevation of Lott, elected to the Senate in 1988, to the Republican leadership last year. Despite Dole, Lott was elected conference secretary. Dole and his aides rag on Kemp, whose tax-cutting militancy clashes with Dole's more conventional stress on deficit reduction. The Dole camp was delighted when Kemp endorsed some of Clinton's program and drew flak from conservatives.

Dole isn't looking for breakthroughs. If Republicans tie up Clinton's proposals and nothing passes, Dole will be satisfied: "I always say gridlock's a good thing. If you're on the other side of the issue, you better hope there are people up there defending your interest. All this talk about gridlock is a joke. That's what the Founding Fathers had in mind when they created the Senate and said we could debate forever." As far as I know, Dole is gridlock's lone public defender.

He's also one of the few champions of Nixon's presidency, as opposed to the many who praise Nixon as a model post-president. "I'm still a fan of Nixon. From a politician's standpoint, he always had a sensitivity to the things you ought to be doing." Moreover, Dole argues, Nixon and his staff were highly competent. "It didn't bother him if somebody was smarter than he was." As Republican chairman, Dole was too independent and biting for Nixon's junior aides. They retaliated by putting him behind the horses in the 1972 inaugural parade. But Dole bears no grudges against the president himself and was happy to see Nixon get a hero's reception at the Thurmond dinner. He was mobbed so long for autographs that Dole didn't wait to chat. He called Nixon the next day. "What time did you get out of there last night?" he asked. "Talk about rehab programs."

Dole remains remarkably loyal to Bush, the man who beat him in 1988 and whose loss in 1992 had the effect of elevating Dole. He's never second-guessed Bush's cam-

paign, prompting Bush to laud him "for standing up against the common wisdom [and] saying nice things." It's plain, however, that Dole is relieved the Bush burden is lifted. "The buckets got pretty heavy," he says. "There's a penalty for leadership. You've got to do a lot of things you probably wouldn't do if you had your druthers." He doesn't get specific.

Dole's leadership begs two questions. Is it broad-gauged and inspiring enough to unite Republicans in the congressional elections next year and the presidential race in 1996? And is Dole, who will be 70 in July and lost bids for the Republican nomination in 1980 and 1988, a contender for the presidency? Many Republicans believe the party needs a big idea or two to rally around. "It's a philosophical and political opportunity," says William Bennett, the former education secretary and drug czar. He wants the GOP to proclaim itself the party of less government, and is no fan of Dole's style. "The nasty streak never hits the object," he says. "It hits the person, but it doesn't travel beyond the quip." Lott contends Republicans need a "counter-vision" to challenge Clinton. "If we don't have one, he's going to roll right over us."

Like a British High Tory rather than an American conservative, Dole distrusts visions and visionaries. Where his rivals are abstract, Dole is concrete. His dark view of the universe and bleak realism about the possibility of progress give his politics a Machiavellian touch. He'd rather unite Republicans around a vote in Congress than an overarching idea. Right now, he simply wants Republicans to narrow their focus and concentrate on one issue that appeals to practically the whole party. "The bedrock is economics. If we focus on economic issues, we can keep most of the Republicans and Reagan Democrats. If we get off on social issues, we tend to fragment." Dole was impressed by a member of Team 100, rich Republicans who give the party \$100,000 or more, whom he met in Florida in March. The man said the Republican message should be twenty-five words or less, a slogan. I asked Dole for his version of a succinct GOP message. He said: "It's economic issues, giving people an opportunity, the private sector, private sector jobs. We want everybody to increase their income, be rich if possible. We're the party of hope and opportunity, not the party of taxes and more spending." If Clinton's economic plan fails to resuscitate the economy and cut the deficit, and the public feels it is paying more taxes for less by the time of the next election, Dole's austere message may prove more attractive than many now believe.

One of the noisiest skeptics is Gingrich, who describes Dole simply as an anachronism. "The Republican Party is in the middle of a generational shift in which a number of pre-Reagan people are still prominent," he says. Dole may not be dominant—he tried to broker the vote for a new Republican chairman and failed embarrassingly—but he's more than prominent. He's "unlikely" to be the Republican nominee in 1996, Dole says, but why preclude it? He went to Iowa in February to address his 1988 supporters, and he'll visit New Hampshire in April. "That'll get them going." Probably will. •

... Russians learn more correct information about the work of the Russian Supreme Soviet, about its leadership, and about the Russian government from Radio Liberty than from our own media.

Boris Yeltsin
Moscow, April 17, 1991

The Broadcasts of Radio Free Europe do not lose their essential importance today.

Vaclav Havel
Prague, January 19, 1993



The Berlin Wall is gone. Its shards are mounted in small plastic boxes and sold for souvenirs. The Cold War is over.

But any glance at the headlines tells us the battle for democracy has just begun.

Why should Americans care? Because on this ever-shrinking planet decisions made on foreign soil affect the air we breathe, the cars we drive, the safety of our children.

Democracies do not war against one another. Democracies make better partners. Democracies do not ignore the environment, shelter terrorists or spawn refugees. Democracies honor human rights.

Besides, indifference is not America's nature. A baby cries in Sarajevo or Somalia and a tear falls in South Bend, Indiana.

We must invest in freedom abroad.

One of the most cost-effective investments is helping people learn for themselves about their own societies and the wider world. Our free radios helped people transform governments that threatened us for decades. Now they are helping new democrats learn the facts about what is really happening in their own countries, stand up to demagoguery and rumor, and take their places as citizens of a global community of free peoples.

We must not silence the Free Radios. Stay Tuned.

Ned W. Bandler
Zbigniew Brzezinski
Leo Cherne
Mitchell E. Daniels, Jr.

Ulana Diachuk
*President, Ukrainian
National Association*

William C. Doherty, Jr.
*Executive Director, American
Institute for Free Labor Development*

Amb. Angier Biddle Duke
David Eisenhower
Geraldine Ferraro
Milos Forman

Amb. Richard Gardner
Amb. Edmund P. Hennelly
Norman Hill
President, A. Philip Randolph Institute

John T. Joyce
*President, International Union of
Bricklayers and Allied Craftsmen*

Amb. Max M. Kampelman
Lane Kirkland
President, AFL-CIO

Amb. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick
Morton M. Kondracke
Fang Lizhi

Bette Bao Lord
Carnes Lord
Jay Mazur
*President, International Ladies
Garment Workers Union*

James A. Michener
John Norton Moore

Alfred Moses
*President, American
Jewish Committee*

Peggy Noonan
Yury Orlov
Founder, Moscow Helsinki Group
Amb. Mark Palmer

Susan Kaufman Purcell
John W. Riehm
Donald Rumsfeld
Kent Schiner
International President, B'nai B'rith

Walter J. Schloss
Albert Shanker
*President, American
Federation of Teachers*
Ben J. Wattenberg
Elie Wiesel

Wendell Willkie, II
Jacques D. Wimpfheimer



Telephone: (212) 514-8040

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Southern Comforts

Hawthorne's haunting story "Wakefield" is about a man who suddenly disappears but in fact goes to live secretly not far from his wife. Reverse the pattern, with the wife leaving the husband, and it's the basis of *Rich in Love* (MGM).

The wife in the film plays a much smaller role than the husband in Hawthorne; still it's her departure that begins the picture, and it's her proximity, discovered much later, that underscores the story's purpose. Helen leaves, after twenty-seven years of marriage and two children, because she wants to realize her own life. The center of the story is the exploration that her teenage daughter, Lucille, then makes into the realm of self. If Helen had not left, Lucille might not have explored so determinedly; and the fact that Helen remained so close by emphasizes that place is less important than determination.

The screenplay by Alfred Uhry, who wrote *Driving Miss Daisy*, was adapted from a Josephine Humphreys novel. I haven't read the book, but it's quite possible to say that Uhry has rendered it in film form without losing novelistic texture. Last week we had *The Last Days of Chez Nous*, an Australian film of novelistic intent that was flawed by wavering in that intent. *Rich in Love* sticks to its textual point. We spend 105 minutes learning about a group of people: not in any dull dossier way (there's plenty of conflict in each life) but with no great drama building to a huge climax. The film isn't exciting. It's just—O rare and welcome word—enjoyable.

The main setting is a large old country house on the South Carolina coast. This is the house that Helen leaves just before we get there, and this is where her husband, Warren, lives with Lucille. They are joined in time by Lucille's older sister, Rae, her new husband, Billy, and an unborn baby. (Rae has just quit her job in Washington.) The other people of interest are a frisky middle-aged widow, Vera, who sets her twinkling sights on Warren after he is deserted; and a young black woman, Rhody, who teaches school and owns a nightclub and, in the picture's tritest aspect, is an unfailing source of wisdom.

The whimsical tone is fixed right at the start. Lucille comes home to find a farewell note to her father from her mother. Lucille thinks it inadequate; so, as her father approaches the house, she hurriedly types up a more affectionate substitute, which she gives him. The news, as Warren says, knocks him off his perch. He is wealthy, retired, affectionate and, until now, had thought himself perceptive. Lucille, whose voice-overs

help to make her the central figure, is an adolescent quester, and Helen's departure deepens her precocious insight.

Rae is recurrently unhappy about both her marriage and her pregnancy. She's afraid that she has been locked into place too early in life, afraid that when she dies her obituary will say only that she was a lifetime subscriber to *Newsweek*. Billy is patient but feisty. Vera, a familiar character treated freshly, is full of vulnerable vivacity. And so they all travel on, before our eyes.

The director is Bruce Beresford, the Australian who seems to have settled in Hollywood, where, among other pictures, he has done *Tender Mercies* and *Driving Miss Daisy*. He shows here, as often before, a special gift for scenes that are simply encounters between people who have something to say to each other, with no big dramatic punch. Beresford handles them, and the whole film, with pervasive affection. This is helped by the way he uses the old house itself. When scenes occur in the roomy kitchen, everything in that kitchen seems to be taking part. Beresford had imaginative help from his production designer, John Stoddart, and from his cinematographer, Peter James. The light in the daytime scenes is exactly what's needed for the desired end—to make us wish we lived in that house.

Two moments are regrettable: a car chase, especially since it ends with a cheap sight gag involving a horse; and the very last shot, from a helicopter, of Lucille driving along a freeway. The film had really closed in the previous sequence, with a parting of various ways like an envoi in a ballad; the helicopter shot is a bow to banality.

The cast is almost perfect. (Only Jill Clayburgh as Helen is ineffective, diminishing a small part.) Kathryn Erbe gives Lucille outsize adolescent seriousness and willed composure. Suzy Amis, as Rae, goes past Southern-belle clichés to fright guarded by petulance. I thought that Kyle McLachlan, as Billy, was going to be dreadful—that collar-ad chin—but he brought in some warm colors. Alfre Woodard, a talented woman, does what

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Groundhog Day. Bill Murray is surprisingly amusing in this comic fantasy set in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. (Reviewed 3/15/93) **The Last Days of Chez Nous.** Moderately successful sojourn with an Australian family and its marital troubles. Lovely women. Bruno Ganz as the troubling male. (3/29/93) **Riff-Raff.** Ken Loach's sympathetic, humorous look at London construction workers and their lives. Pungent, brisk. (2/15/93) **Stolen Children.** Gripping tragic account of an 11-year-old Italian girl whose mother prostituted her, her small brother and the young policeman who escorts them to a children's home. Directed masterfully by Gianni Amelio. (3/22/93) —SK

she can with Rhody, a part that is jigsawed to fit a place in the story. Piper Laurie skims along brightly as the plumply winsome Vera.

But the pearl in the crown is Albert Finney as Warren. Consider what the man has done in film. (I omit his busy theater career.) A few recent samples: the Irish policeman in *The Playboys*; the Shakespearean actor in *The Dresser*; the drunken British consul in *Under the Volcano*; Daddy Warbucks in *Annie*. And that's only recently. He erupted in 1960 as the truculent young prole in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and has soared ever since.

Here Finney brims with genial idiosyncrasy, a man able to take life as it comes because, like a skilled musician, he can transpose whatever comes into his own comfortable key. Warren is not the major role, but it's essential support. Curlicue Southern accent and all, Finney holds the picture up and together with slightly bewildered charm.

One of the several points so far unappreciated about this film is that, quietly, it's an act of daring. In a time when directors, especially new ones, make names for themselves with gorier forms of gunplay, Beresford and friends have dared to make a quiet picture, one that

depends on our concern for the people in it, rather than on splash and bang. That took courage. *Rich in Love* doesn't seem headed for much success, alas. Those who might like its people, who might want to share that house's troubles and chuckles, had better hurry.

Postscript. *Rich in Love* is dedicated to Georges Delerue, the French composer who did the score for the film and who died last year, which jogs me into a sorrowfully belated note about him. Delerue wrote scores for dozens of films, mostly American in the last few decades, but he began as "the" composer of the French New Wave. I had a long conversation with him in Paris almost thirty years ago, at the height of the New Wave, and he told me how closely he worked with all the spirited young directors of the day. One of them, Philippe de Broca, sometimes asked him for musical themes before shooting began so that camera movements could be designed to fit. Not all Delerue scores were distinguished, but their general tone was lyric, touching.

Sometimes a film is inseparable in memory from its score. Surely that is true of two Truffaut films, *Shoot the Piano Player* and *Jules and Jim*, confirmed in poignancy by Delerue's music. •

The Spritzer

By ROBERT ALTER

Operation Shylock: A Confession by Philip Roth

(Simon and Schuster, 398 pp., \$23)

At least as far back as *The Ghost Writer*, which appeared in 1979, Philip Roth's fiction has exhibited an oddly correlated double development. The novels become more preoccupied with questions of Jewishness, the writer's relation to Israel, the Holocaust, anti-Semitism and the collectivity of Jews; and they become more self-reflexive, pondering the conundrums of their own fictionality or lack of it. These concerns were treated with the greatest imaginative richness in *The Counterlife* (1986), Roth's best book. His next novel, *Deception* (1990), was much thinner, cast entirely as a series of dialogues that record, among other things, a collision with genteel English anti-Semitism that impels the protagonist, as his mistress wryly notes, to "return to the bosom of

the tribe." What he longs for, he has told her, is "Jews without shame. Complaining Jews who get under your skin. Brash Jews who eat with elbows on the table. Unaccommodating Jews, full of anger, insult, argument and impudence." This equation of Jewishness and rudeness has evidently been encouraged by Roth's personal trajectory from Newark to the realm of high culture, and its simplicity is disturbing; it has a peculiar congruence with the skewed argument of John Murray Cuddihy's once-controversial book *The Ordeal of Civility*, which abrasively bracketed Yid with id and portrayed the Jews as essentially a brusque, disruptive presence in the Christian world.

But the brash contentiousness that Roth has raised to an ideal suffuses the population, and the very mode of

Sallie McFague

Sallie McFague
speaking
in
parables



Sallie McFague
MODELS
of
GOD

SALLIE MCFAGUE
THE
BODY OF
GOD

metaphorical
theology

THE BODY OF GOD An Ecological Theology

"This book matters! Sallie McFague has created something *important and necessary*—a model of God specifically for the sake of the earth." —CATHERINE KELLER
208pp. paper \$12.95 Available June 1993.

1988 American Academy of Religion
Award for Excellence

MODELS OF GOD Theology for an Ecological, Nuclear Age

"This is first and foremost a work of constructive theology. It should be included in seminary and graduate courses on systematic theology." —RICHARD BUSSE

"A very important work... clearly written and persuasive." —ROSEMARY RADFORD RUETHER
240pp. paper \$12.95

METAPHORICAL THEOLOGY

Models of God in Religious Language

"One of the most significant books I've read in a long time... the definitive theoretical discussion of how we Christians may actually deepen our Christian commitment while expanding beyond the model of God the Father." —*Christianity and Crisis* 240pp. paper \$13.95

SPEAKING IN PARABLES

A Study in Metaphor and Theology

"An important contribution to appreciation of parables as metaphorical literary devices for theological reflection." —*The Christian Century* 192pp. paper \$10.95

Postage and handling
costs are additional.

FORTRESS PRESS
At bookstores or from
Augsburg Fortress Publishers
426 South Fifth Street
Box 1209
Minneapolis, MN 55440-1209
1-800-328-4648

expression, of his new book. Written out of Roth's usual hyperconsciousness of the masterworks of European and American fiction, *Operation Shylock* provides a very late and very Jewish version of that pre-eminently nineteenth-century and early-modern figure, the doppelgänger. The first thing that catches the reader's eye after the table of contents is an epigraph in Hebrew cursive script, and its translation, "So Jacob was left alone, and a man wrestled with him until daybreak": the earliest literary double, Roth suggests, may have been that mysterious stranger who ambushed Jacob in Genesis 32. What follows is a "confession" by a fictional character named Philip Roth, who shares with the author of this novel a biography (born in Newark in 1933, and so on), a wife and a list of publications from *Good-bye, Columbus* to *Patrimony*. The experience of the protagonist in Jerusalem 1988, where most of the action takes place, is pure invention, though he also does a few things that the real Philip Roth did, such as interviewing his friend the Israeli writer Aharon Appelfeld and looking in at the trial of John Demjanjuk.

On his way to Jerusalem, Roth discovers that someone claiming to be Philip Roth has been running around Israel preaching a new doctrine that he calls "Diasporism." (The term, if not the doctrine, was invented by the British painter R. B. Kitaj, a friend of Roth's, in a small book called *The Diasporist Manifesto* that appeared a few years ago.) Proposing himself as a kind of Theodor Herzl in rapid reverse, he wants to lead all the Ashkenazi Jews out of Israel, where their physical existence is continually endangered by Arab hostility, and back to Europe, the cultural setting in which they flourished for centuries and which will now welcome them after the ghastly aberration of the Hitler years. (The Diasporist rather casually imagines he can safely leave the Sephardi Jews in Israel, because they are Middle Easterners like their putative brethren, the Arabs.)

When Philip Roth the narrator comes face to face with Philip Roth the doppel-

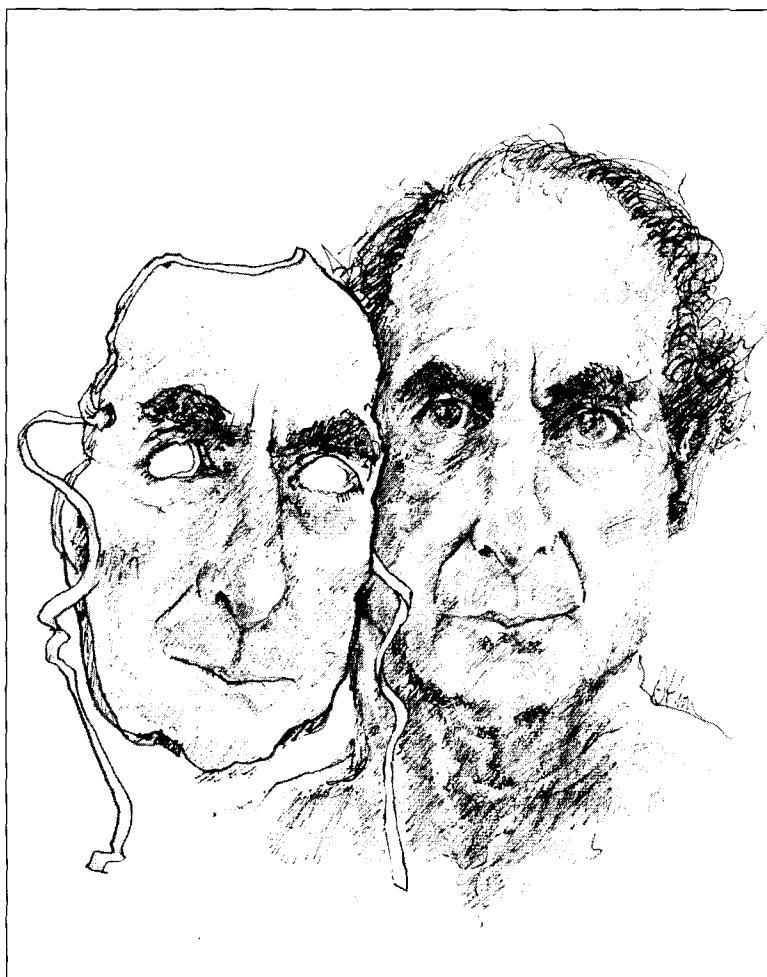
gänger, he discovers that the imposter is a dead ringer for himself, down to the khaki trousers, tieless Oxford shirt and frayed tweed jacket. The second Roth is a brilliant mimic or an authentic refraction of the first, but he is also a liar, a charlatan, a wild obsessive and an extravagant megalomaniac. Roth the narrator predictably responds to this bizarre duplication of himself with a mixture of rage, dismay, frustration, exasperation and fascination. Eternal A student of comparative literature, he is quick to identify the features of the dou-

narrator imagines the appearance of his double as a kind of retribution exacted from the novelist, who has repeatedly invented avatars of himself in his protagonists, straddling the borderline between fiction and autobiography: "It's Zuckerman, I thought whimsically, stupidly, escapistly, it's Kepesh, it's Tarnopol and Portnoy—it's all of them in one, broken free of print and mockingly reconstituted as a single satirical facsimile of me." Living a life by constantly reassembling himself in novelistic projections, he "ate of the fruit of the

tree of fiction, and nothing, neither reality nor myself, has been the same since."

The second Philip Roth is also an ideological extrapolation, rather than a psychological excavation, of the first. That is, Roth the narrator (and the author) is a Jew deeply and sympathetically concerned with the culture and the society of Israel, but his ultimate allegiances are to the Diaspora that is his home, to the pungency and the vitality and the uninhibited freedom of the life that Jews have made for themselves there. Roth the double flamboyantly embodies these allegiances, though he does so with the high intensity of lunacy and with a political program (Diasporism, plus an organization for gentiles called Anti-Semites Anonymous) that is catastrophically quixotic.

Roth the ideological mountebank and a number of subsidiary characters—his luscious gentile mistress, an Israeli secret



PHILIP ROTH BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

ble in nineteenth-century fiction, "fully materialized duplicates incarnating the hidden depravity of the respectable original."

Yet that literary precedent has only slight applicability to his own predicament. The literary figure of the double is indeed a dark fantasy, but in this book Roth makes its relation to fictional self-reflexivity more prominent than any grand psychological resonance of fantasy. He construes the double not as the embodiment of a hidden self, but rather as that other kind of doubling, much less threatening, which is the re-invention of the self for the purpose of a fiction. The

service operative, a Palestinian university chum of the narrator's who has returned to his native Ramallah and become a militant nationalist—are rendered with considerable verve. The question is whether they, together with the narrator's vivid and often acerbic reflections on the book's events, really add up to a novel. As usual, Roth has beaten his critics to this question. He repeatedly wonders whether the figures and the circumstances that have overtaken him bear any credible resemblance to reality. Of his double, he observes to Appelfeld, "He gives off none of the aura of a real person, none of the coherence of a real

person. Or even the *incoherence* of a real person." Later he complains about the "general implausibility" of the plot in which he finds himself, "a total lack of gravity, reliance at too many key points on unlikely coincidence, an absence of inner coherence."

Such disclaimers built into the novel, together with its identification as a confession and its final note to the reader that "this confession is false," are stratagems to pre-empt criticism, and are familiar from earlier books by Roth. Compared with the flaunting of artifice and to the ambiguities between fiction and reality in a major self-reflexive novelist like Nabokov, they seem a little thin. They certainly do not sufficiently complicate the simple truth that Philip Roth is always writing about Philip Roth.

Perhaps it might be better to think of this book not as a novel but as a looser and less realistic fiction of the sort that Gide had in mind when he designated several of his longer narratives as *soties*—roughly, farces. In the farce, burlesque and exaggeration tend to displace realistic characterization, and plot may be willfully contrived for parodic ends or for the sheer play of elaborate artifice. There has been a tilt toward farce in many of Roth's novels, but with the exception of the negligible *The Breast*, it has never been so extreme as here. Roth seems to invite such a classification when he names the voluptuous shiksa Jinx Possesski and the undercover agent Smilesburger (with a wink to le Carré's Smiley), and has the narrator repeatedly refer to his double as Moishe Pipik (a mildly derogatory and weakly comic Yiddish epithet that means Moses Bellybutton). In a bedroom conversation with the aforesaid Jinx, the narrator actually spells out this sense of being caught not in a realistic novel, but in a farce: "it's *Hellzapoppin'* with Possesski and Pipik, it's a gag a minute with you two madcap kids.... Diasporism is a plot for a Marx Brothers movie—Groucho selling Jews to Chancellor Kohl!"

Readers who make their way through *Operation Shylock* with the same expectations that they brought to *The Professor of Desire* or *The Counterlife* will be frustrated. What is called for, rather, is to let yourself go with the sheer farcical momentum of the narrative. But even such a forgiving attitude does not dispose of all the unresolved questions that the book raises: the tendency to rhetorical excess and melodramatic gesture on the part of its characters; the fact that everyone in the book, including Israelis with a presumably imperfect grasp of English,



Storm Washington with Political Action Software

Political Action works as your personal electronic lobbyist, providing fast, effective access to government and the press.

Now you can generate dozens of letters, faxes, mailgrams and telegrams using your personal computer and *Political Action*. Influence members of Congress, the President, Governors, foreign leaders, television, the White House, and the press.

Apply *Political Action* to your agenda today. Send a dozen letters as easily as one. Select from the built-in database or add your own targets. Send faxes, or transmit electronically via MCI Mail, ATT Easylink, GENie or CompuServe.

Political
SYSTEMS

200 7th Ave., Suite 200
Santa Cruz, CA 95062

Order now and acquire the *CIA World Fact Book* on disk, FREE, a \$140 value. This important resource is packed with facts about hundreds of countries. It is a necessity for anyone interested in world affairs.

Political Action works on your IBM compatible personal computer and is available at a special introductory price of only \$69⁹⁵, regularly \$195⁰⁰.

For serious action on serious issues take advantage of *Political Action*. Call now and get \$335 worth of software, *Political Action* and the *CIA Fact World Book*, for only \$69⁹⁵.

Money Back Guarantee

(800) 945-5973

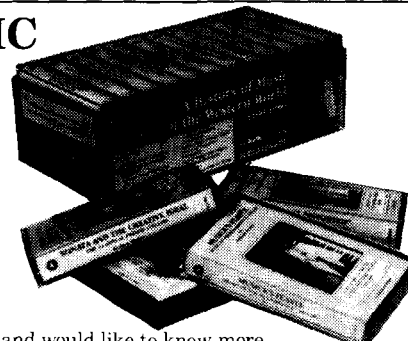
Visa / MasterCard

**Call Now
24 Hours!**

30 day money back guarantee! Keep the *CIA World Fact Book* as our gift, even if you decide to return the software.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC OF THE WESTERN WORLD 1100-1980

"...Condenses a vast subject into a concise and appealing format that stimulates the mind and whets the appetite for music."
Cleveland Plain Dealer



This new program is for anyone who likes music and would like to know more about it. Hundreds of musical examples are combined with explanatory comments by 15 prominent musical authorities. The stimulating discussions covering the period 1100 to 1980, are richly illustrated with authentic musical examples performed by major international orchestras and chamber groups.

The program is on 12 full-length audio-cassettes. Featured commentators include Dr. Christopher Page of Oxford University, Anthony Rooley, founder of the Early Music Centre in London, Christopher Hogwood, director of the Handel and Haydn Society, and many others. For the first time you can hear insightful discussion of the roots of our rich musical heritage and then moments later hear the actual pieces being played. As enthusiastic reviewer James K. Bowman, declared, "it's wonderful — no more flipping from book chapter to record 3, band 5. It's all right here."

Full information on lecturers, composers, and performing artists is included with each cassette. This attractively packaged program is only \$89.50 postpaid and is available from Audio-Forum. To place your order call us toll-free at 1-800-243-1234, or Fax us at 203-453-9774, or write to:

AUDIO-FORUM

Room K433, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437

Contents

1. Medieval Music 1100-1480
2. Music of the Renaissance 1480-1600
3. Baroque Period 1600-1750
4. Classical Period 1750-1830
5. Romantic Period 1830-1900
6. Modern Period 1900-1945
7. Contemporary Music 1945-Present
8. Approaches to Popular Music
9. History of Percussion Instruments
10. Story of Reggae and Calypso
11. Introduction to English Folk Music
12. Instruments around the World

sounds exactly like Philip Roth; the sense of too many threads left dangling or abruptly torn off in the ending.

What survives such difficulties, however, is a great deal of talk, and that proves to be formidable enough. The book is really a series of encounters between performing selves, and the chief interest is in the verbal and emotional energy of the performances. This stand-up comedy is in part a reversion to *Portnoy's Complaint*, with the important difference that here the tenor of the talk is political and historical, not personal and psychological. The politics of Jewish existence after the Holocaust and the founding of Israel is the occasion for most of the displays. That existence, as Roth recognizes, is shot through with interesting and ironic conflict: Israeli versus Palestinian, Israeli culture versus Diaspora Jewish life, an untrammelled sense of Jewish self-affirmation versus a resurgence of anti-Semitism.

The effect of the performance is to play out the opposing lines of these conflicts, to allow the articulation of each position at the top of the decibel scale. As Roth conceives it, this habit of verbal extravagance is essentially Jewish, and probably also essentially neurotic. (There are some partial precedents in Dostoyevsky.) Even George Ziad, the militant Palestinian, proves to be in this respect thoroughly Jewish, though he waves a different flag: "The gush, the agitation, the volubility, the frenzy barely beneath the surface of every word he babbled, the nerve-racking sense he communicated of something aroused and decomposing all at the same time, of someone in a permanent state of imminent apoplexy." It is in vain that Smilesburger quotes to the narrator the injunction to silence—"Grant me that I should say nothing that is unnecessary"—of the early twentieth-century Polish rabbinical luminary Israel Ha-Cohen, who was known as the Chofetz Chaim and became a household name in the Orthodox Jewish world for his moralizing tracts against the abuses of speech. For everyone in this novel lives, irrepressibly, by outdoing through language.

Writing about Jewish theatrical traditions, the critic Benjamin Harshav has aptly characterized this distinctively Jewish mode of spectacular talkativeness:

Such "Jewish discourse" [founded on Yiddish and the study of the Talmud but then manifested in all sorts of secular art-media] is talkative, argumentative, contrary, associative. Its typical traits include answering with examples, anecdotes, parables or questions, rather than with direct, logical

replies; seeing the smallest detail as symbolic for universal issues; delving into meanings, connotations and associations of a single word, and leaping from a word or concrete item to abstract generalizations and theories.

When it is translated into fiction, this associative, exegetical, sometimes pugnacious mode of discourse produces neither linear plot development nor panoptic descriptive vision, but rather meandering verbal extravaganzas. Countless examples from Yiddish writers like Mendele and Sholom Aleichem (and from some older Hebrew writers) come to mind. Political positions in Roth's book are not analyzed or defined, they are played out as verbal vaudeville, as when Ziad complains of Israeli invocations of the Holocaust: "Marlboro has the Marlboro Man, Israel has its Holocaust Man . . . for the smokescreen that hides everything, smoke holocaust." Or when the narrator's misgivings about his own futile Hebrew education as a child balloon into the airy fantasy of a wild set of comparisons:

For one hour a day, three days a week, fresh from six-and-a-half hours of public school, we sat there and learned to write backwards, to write as though the sun rose in the west and the leaves fell in the spring, as though Canada lay to the south, Mexico to the north, and we put our shoes on before our socks.

These sundry performances are the kind of stand-up comedy—what Jewish comedians of the '50s used to call "spritz"—that seeks to engage urgent political ideas and issues of identity. The various characters express their extreme positions shrilly and uncompromisingly, if also sometimes amusingly. The narrator, a bundle of confusions and ambivalences, works back and forth dialectically between clashing perspectives. If, in the passage just quoted, he exposes the barrenness of after-school Jewish education in America, he proceeds, a couple of pages later, to an opposite perception. As he stares uncomprehendingly at the Hebrew script on a schoolroom blackboard in Jerusalem—it is the verse about Jacob and the angel—he reflects: "That cryptography whose signification I could no longer decode had marked me indelibly four decades ago; out of the inscrutable words written on this blackboard had evolved every English word I had ever written." Like all the unrestrained speakers of this book, Roth the narrator is no doubt exaggerating. But as with the other speakers, the exaggeration contains a kernel of insight.

There is something quite engaging

about the way this Jewish affirmation is put, but again doubts linger. Hebrew, for a start, is reduced to mere display. For how, really, can the key to Roth's own work be an unintelligible language? How can a patently deadening Jewish education do anything more than deaden? As to the larger political questions raised by the novel, the splitting of selves and the clash of opposing performances do strike brilliant sparks; but one wonders whether the routines may not be in the end too easy a way to handle urgent and even excruciating dilemmas. The appeal of the Diaspora is articulated by a character who is a dazzling arguer, but crazy. The smoldering resentment of Palestinian nationalism is spelled out by a character who is a dazzling arguer, but even crazier. Where, in the end, are we supposed to stand?

At the beginning of Roth's career, the world of which that stifling Jewish schoolroom in Newark was an integral part figured either as an object of satirical representation or as a trap to break out of. Now, in a way that surely would have surprised his early critics in the Jewish community, Roth has created a fiction in which Jewishness, individually and collectively, is imagined as an ineluctable destiny with positive if troubling content, in which he can see himself as complement, antithesis and spiritual brother to Appelfeld, the Holocaust survivor who composes his fiction in that mysterious ancestral language that moves from right to left.

And even on the level of literary form, this aggressively loquacious narrative, warts and all, owes less to James and Conrad than to Sholom Aleichem and the Eastern European Jewish world. It is a world that Roth knows only through translation, and the remove somehow does not diminish the magnetism of the culture of origins; a filtered, second-generation American Jewish version of that culture has played a prominent role in Roth's work at least since *Portnoy's Complaint*. The centering of Israel and Jewish identity, and their treatment in a warm and positive light, is a relatively recent development in his work, and conspicuously evident in this new book. Roth has the skill to make these themes resonate, but their only sounding-box remains the limiting theater of self-presentation that remains the venue of all his novels.

ROBERT ALTER is the author most recently of *Necessary Angels: Tradition and Modernity in Kafka, Benjamin, and Scholem* (Harvard University Press) and *The World of Biblical Literature* (Basic Books).

Tricky Dixie

BY THOMAS BYRNE EDSALL

Strom Thurmond and the Politics of Southern Change by Nadine Cohodas

(Simon and Schuster, 574 pp., \$27.50)

For years Strom Thurmond's adversaries and critics have waited for him to disappear, but few politicians have lingered so frustratingly. Just a month after Bill Clinton won the presidency, the grand old man of the Senate turned 90, and it is he, not his enemies, who can take pleasure in the misfortunes of others. According to his aides, Thurmond experiences an almost childlike delight in hearing over and over again the stories of those who ran against him in the past, none of whom was ever again a major competitor for statewide office. "When Thurmond beats you, it is political death": the acknowledgment brings joy to the man who first won a governorship in 1947, before the majority of Americans now living were born.

While Thurmond lives on, the last election was a major turning point in the historical process most crucial to Thurmond's career: the conversion of the South from a political backwater into a driving force shaping presidential elections, conservative ideology and Republican strategy in contests from county councils to the White House. Thurmond was a figure of profound importance in that political transformation. In 1948 he led the drive of the white South out of the Democratic Party, and in 1964 he led the charge of the white South into the Republican Party.

Thurmond has been less overtly racist than some of his colleagues—an unfailingly polite man, he never used the word "nigger" on the campaign stump—but his career in regional and national politics was based on the issue of race. In fact, it parallels the ascension of the South in an American political culture driven by race—an ascension that has now reached a plateau as issues and themes used by the GOP to build a conservative majority based in the white South are being absorbed in much modified form by a Democratic center that embraces a nascent communitarian and more culturally conservative form of liberalism.

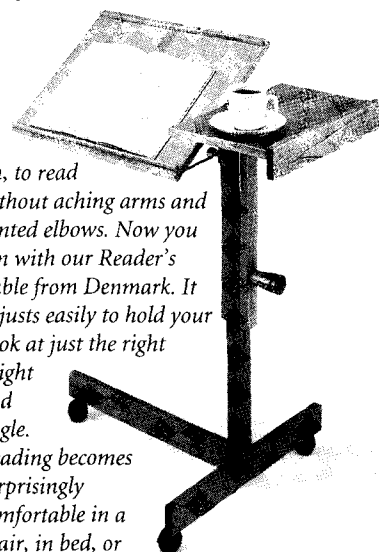
One election does not constitute proof, and the nomination of two South-

ern Baptists by one party is more than enough to skew partisan trends; but in the last election the Democratic presidential candidate did win four of the eleven Confederate states. The Democratic Party's link to all the liabilities of racial and social liberalism has been cracked, if not broken; and a Democratic ticket not only supporting the death penalty and a sharp curtailment of welfare, but also explicitly supporting gun control and gay rights, won thirty-nine of 147 electoral votes in the South.

Nadine Cohodas has written a thorough and generally sympathetic account of Thurmond's political history, addressing the surface of one of the most significant careers in the American politics of race. It is a career that falls roughly into four stages. In the first stage, Thurmond moves, in 1947, from county politician to the governorship of South Carolina. Thurmond's roots were in the middle class and during these early years his politics were, by Southern standards, decidedly progressive. As governor he denounced the lynching of Willie Earle of Greenville, ordering the state police to use "every facility at [their] disposal until this case has been completely solved." He called for more spending on black education, and "equal rights for women in every respect ... [and] equal pay for equal work." He proposed tougher occupational health and safety laws, and the establishment of public school kindergartens.

The second stage arrived with Thurmond's leadership of the Southern reaction to the racial revolution that began in the aftermath of World War II, a victory that inevitably led to the challenging of legally sanctioned segregation in this country. Relations between black and white Americans were at the core of the conflict in the South, but over time the conflict encompassed much more, including struggles over values, gender and the political, social and cultural allegiances of the working-class, white, Protestant Southerner. Cohodas captures clearly and sometimes affecting what it meant for Thurmond to live by his maxim of "standing with the people."

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, oak or black ash.

\$199 + \$11.95 shipping via UPS ground

Assembly required—but worth it.

MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%

Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request

800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®

TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

975 S. Congress Ave., Code NRRT19, Delray, FL 33445

PROTECT YOUR COPIES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

These custom-made titled cases are ideal to protect your valuable copies of *The New Republic* from damage. They're designed to hold a year's issues (may vary with issue sizes), constructed with reinforced board, and covered with durable leather-like material in flag blue. Title is hot-stamped in silver and cases are V-notched for easy access.

1—\$7.95 3—\$21.95 6—\$39.95

The New Republic
Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. TNR
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ cases. Add \$1.00 per case for postage and handling. Outside USA \$2.50 per case (US funds only). PA residents add 7% sales tax.

Print
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
No P.O. Box Numbers Please

CHARGE ORDERS (Minimum \$15): AmEx, Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, #, Exp. date. Call Toll Free 7 days, 24 hrs, 1-800-825-6690.

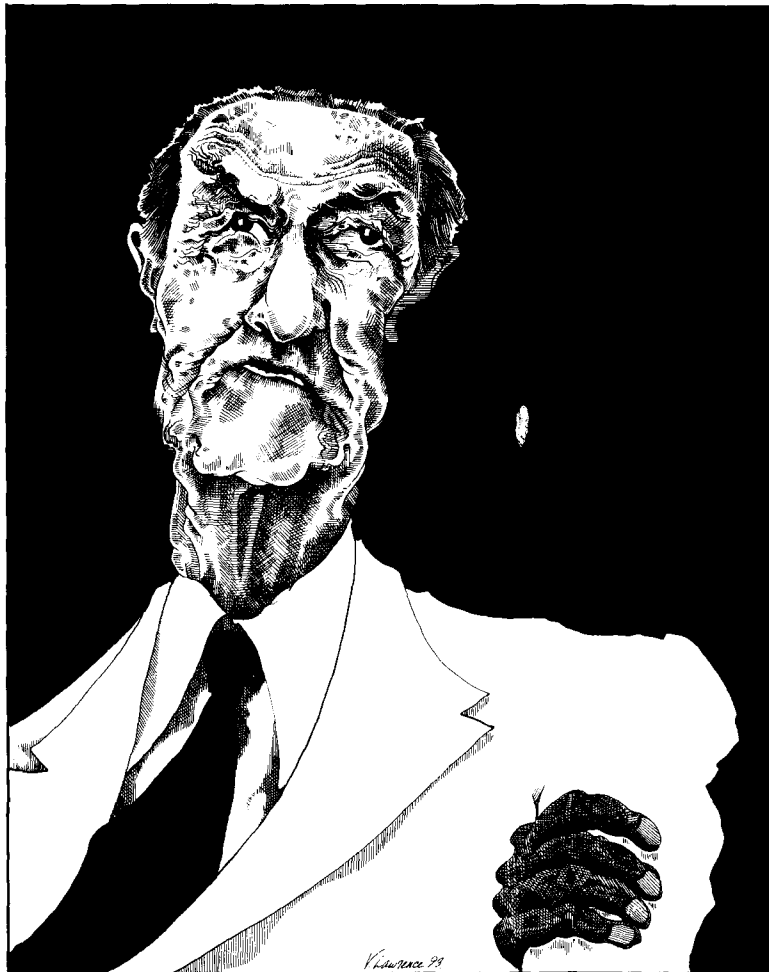
especially when the "people" were an all-white electorate.

What she misses is the more profound and broader meaning of "standing with the people" in a region bred on reaction, caught suddenly not only by racial upheaval, but also by the klieg lights of television, by the surge of Northern immigration, by the transforming effect of air conditioning and by the sudden attractiveness of the region's non-union labor force with the onset of global competition. Thurmond's ascendancy coincided with a period of massive change in the South. He, more than any other politician in the region, instinctively recognized that for the white South the civil rights revolution superseded party loyalty. He understood the fundamental reality that the Democratic Party had come to dominate the region because it was the party of the white, segregated South, and once the Democratic Party repudiated segregation, white voters would leave in droves. Later in his career, when black South Carolinians won the right to vote and became a potential threat to Thurmond, he modified his stands, revealing a capacity to respond to a racially changing electorate.

For the sixty years from the end of Reconstruction to 1948 and the first presidential election after World War II, the South was in many respects the least politically dynamic section of the country. The region, especially the deep black-belt South, produced huge majorities for a segregationist Democratic Party: the Democratic candidate James M. Cox, who got only 34 percent of the vote nationwide in 1920, carried Mississippi with 84 percent and South Carolina with 96.1 percent. Franklin Roosevelt rolled through Mississippi with 96 percent of the vote in 1932, and South Carolina with an extraordinary 98 percent, and his margins were similar in his three successful bids for re-election. As far as national political strategy went, the South was a given: a region of deep poverty and racial animosity guaranteed to vote Democratic.

Thurmond was relatively progressive

in the era of undisputed de jure segregation, but the moment the system was challenged he became the pre-eminent spokesman of resistance—the voice of white reaction. He was the presidential nominee of the breakaway States' Rights Party (the "Dixiecrats") in 1948, when the South exploded in protest over Truman's support of fair employment legislation and over the adoption at the Democratic convention of a strong civil rights plank; and his third party bid decisively influenced the shape of American politics.



STROM THURMOND BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Thurmond's presidential candidacy in 1948 was the first step in the elevation of the South to the center stage of American politics. Carrying just four states—South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi—he proved that these overwhelmingly Democratic states were, on the issue of race, subject to partisan conversion, and that he could establish a beachhead for the new, racially conservative Republican Party, a party that would be realigned in 1964 by the campaign of Barry Goldwater. Aside from his native Arizona, Goldwater carried only one state that Thurmond did not—Georgia.

The third stage of Thurmond's career begins with his switch to the Republican Party in September 1964 and continues through the early 1980s. While most Republicans viewed Goldwater's run against Lyndon Johnson as a disaster, Thurmond recognized that the polarizing conflict offered long-range potential for the GOP. Harry S. Dent, one of Thurmond's aides, wrote in his book *The Prodigal South Returns to Power* that while Republicans nationally were in despair on election night in 1964, "great rejoicing went on in the Thurmond ranks. . .

In the next two years, the seeds of the Republican Southern Strategy began to sprout and grow. The tree was bearing fruit. We South Carolina Republicans were now getting ready for the big coup—the White House—with this new Southern strategy."

In 1948 Thurmond had blazed the trail for a post-1964 GOP—a party that would use opposition to the civil rights revolution as a central mobilizing tool. Thurmond continued this process when he recognized that the Democratic Party, with Lyndon Johnson at its head, was becoming identified as the party of racial liberalism. 1964 was the first year that the American electorate began to see the two parties in racial terms; Thurmond read the signs and jumped. The election of Johnson, the leading advocate of civil rights, Thurmond declared, would mean that "freedom as we have known it in this country is doomed, and individuals will be des-

tined to lives of regulation, control, coercion, intimidation and subservience to a power elite who shall rule from Washington."

A conservatism heavily dependent on race trained, nurtured and brought to national prominence a new strain of political leader, including two of the most important strategists of the ascendant Republican right: Dent, who became the architect of Nixon's Southern Strategy, and Lee Atwater, who in the 1980s specialized in the political catalysis of racial and cultural conservatism, cultivating the themes of quotas, taxes, "special interests," welfare, Willie Horton,

the death penalty, the ACLU and the American flag.

Atwater, like Dent, learned politics at Thurmond's knee, working as an aide to the South Carolina senator. Dent helped usher in the era of Republican populist hegemony, advising Nixon to exploit a Republican conservatism modified to appeal to the Wallace vote. Atwater, in turn, engineered the fundamental post-civil rights GOP strategy. In a 1983 memorandum for the Reagan-Bush re-election committee, he outlined a master plan for the South, whose principles were to be applied nationwide:

Republicans must win up to 70 percent of the white vote to offset the phenomenal black majorities of the opposition. We must forge alliances between the country clubbers and the [white] populists to achieve success, though the interests of the two are far from similar. . . . Populists have always been liberal on economics [but] populists are conservative on social issues. . . . When Republicans are successful in getting certain social issues to the forefront, the populist vote is ours.

The Dent-Nixon-Atwater-Reagan school of conservatism depended heavily on racial polarization, and the troops leading the charge were consistently white Southern voters. From 1968 to 1988 the South, particularly the white South, went from the rear guard of American politics to the front lines, becoming the leading indicator of trends. Republican candidates first locked up their base in the South and then moved into battleground states across the rest of the country.

The fourth and current stage in the evolution of Strom Thurmond's career could be described as the greening of a segregationist. In the ninth decade of his life, Thurmond became, in a modest but highly publicized way, a leader in the white, Southern Republican accommodation to the civil rights revolution and to the demand for black equality. His evolution has been pushed by the 380,000 blacks who have registered to vote in South Carolina since the passage of the Voting Rights Act. Thurmond was among the first of the white senators from the South to hire a black aide. Later, after the Republican Party took over the Senate in 1980 and Thurmond became chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the power base that had been used by his Southern Democratic predecessors to block civil rights legislation, he cast his ballot in favor of extension of the Voting Rights Act.

Cohodas uses anecdotes to illuminate Thurmond's political transformations, but she provides little insight. No

attempt is made to fathom the interior of one of America's premier revolutionaries of the racial right—a man willing to take spectacular political gambles, to breach partisan orthodoxies, to enlarge the racially coded language of states' rights to give white voters the appearance of standing on principle in their opposition to integration. Unlike those of his conservative colleagues who remained Democrats after their party took up the cause of civil rights, Thurmond, using a revitalized rhetoric of resistance to an "invasion of state, local and individual rights," challenged the Democratic Party, the political institution that the majority of his brethren, still smart-

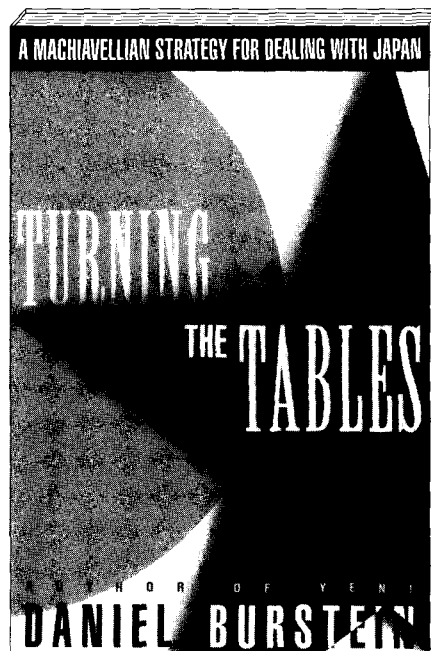
ing from a sense of wrongful defeat in the Civil War, believed to be sacrosanct. "That's where we did the greatest service, to pull four states away from the National Democratic Party and show the sky wouldn't fall in," he said, looking back at the 1948 election. "Ever since then, the South has been independent."

Cohodas fails to search for an underlying motivation, logic or coherence in the mind of her subject, a man who defied the party of the white South and a man who married—in the face of substantial public disapproval and in the most culturally and sexually conservative region of the country—first a woman less than half his age, and then a woman young

"PRESIDENT CLINTON SHOULD READ THIS BOOK."

**...Daniel Burstein is worth listening to, because he has
a unique ability to see the forest for the trees."**

—Dr. Irwin L. Kellner, Chief Economist,
Chemical Banking Corporation



"Daniel Burstein goes beyond his now-classic analysis of Japanese financial might to show how the power of the Japanese engine could be harnessed to American interests. His provocative call for a Pacific community should be read by corporate and government leaders alike. This book could help herald a new, more promising era for the U.S.-Japan relationship."

—Rosabeth Moss Kanter,
Harvard Business School,
professor and author of
When Giants Learn to Dance



SIMON & SCHUSTER
A Paramount Communications Company

enough to be his granddaughter. A strikingly unreflective man, born and raised in a culture inherently distrustful of introspection, Thurmond will require, to be truly known, a more speculative, inward-looking and ambitious biography—or a novel.

In 1992 the Republican lock on the South was broken by a Democratic presidential nominee from Arkansas and a vice presidential nominee from Tennessee. There were suggestions, furthermore, that the Southern white vote may have become a lagging indicator. Nationwide, Clinton did better among white voters than any of his Democratic predecessors since Lyndon Johnson, barely losing their vote, 39 percent to 40 percent. It was Southern whites who drove Clinton's margins down: they cast only 33 percent of their ballots for the Democrat compared with 47 percent for Bush, an overwhelming 14 percentage point advantage for Bush, one of the few demographic constituencies to give him such a ride. In the rest of the country—West, Midwest, Northeast and Mid-Atlantic—Clinton decisively carried the white vote by 42 percent to 37 percent, a solid five percentage point margin.

This suggests that the South is losing both its vitality and its utility as the testing ground for American presidential politics. The years between 1964 and 1988 marked the period of the most intense national reaction to the post-New Deal liberal Democratic agenda. The increasingly redistributive enforcement of civil rights goals (that is, busing orders and affirmative action pegged to specific quotas); the extension of rights to controversial, once-peripheral groups such as welfare recipients, the mentally ill, prisoners and gays; and clashes over values provoked by the women's movement, the legalization of abortion and no-fault divorce all combined to produce a conservative reaction. Nowhere was this more intense, or more internally coherent, than in the South.

While such socially volatile issues are still significant and forceful in 1993, they are losing some of their centrality in national and state politics. Not only has time produced a growing accommodation with the social, cultural and racial changes of the 1960s and 1970s, but the agenda itself is shifting. Health care and competitiveness in a global economy now take priority. Gender issues are less polarized every day: men diaper, drum, cry, hug and declare their love for their fathers. Virtually every white now works with blacks. The governor of Georgia, Zell Miller, balked at flying the Confederate flag over the state capitol.

At the same time, left-wing elites and

key segments of the Democratic Party have begun to recognize and honor some of the political costs of cultural and racial liberalism. It remains unclear how successfully Clinton will use the power of the White House to consolidate Democratic gains, but he is part of a larger movement within the Democratic Party determined to prevent the Republican Party from continuing to capitalize on "wedge" social issues. When the troubling issues of race, values and rights become subject to negotiation in the political arena—rather than polarizing forces in a winner-take-all competition—the hard edge of conservatism loses its bite.

It is in this context that the white South and the voters on whom Strom Thurmond has depended for over half a century are no longer at the cutting edge of American politics. The continuing commitment of the white South to the Republican Party appears less based than it once was on the readiness of the region's electorate to move toward a doctrinal political conservatism. Instead, the marginal advantage enjoyed in 1992 by the Republican Party in the white South appears to be dependent on the residual effects of the region's racism. For a Republican Party seeking to restore its competitiveness, that is a weak

reed on which to build presidential strategy in the future.

The election of 1992 marked the crackup of the Republican conservatism that had dominated American politics for two-and-a-half decades. Thurmond, who will be 93 going into the election of 1996, may well stay abreast of the trends, but it is increasingly unlikely that he will be the weather vane in national politics that he was across the span of his long career. Not only has the divergence of political views between Southern and Northern whites become increasingly salient, but black-white tensions are now echoed by equally severe and violent conflict in many cities between competing minorities, black, Hispanic and Asian. The struggle for black equality has produced intense debate between left and right, and between Democrat and Republican, over the meaning of such concepts as equity, responsibility and family. That debate is bound to be enlarged by much more complex ethnic, race and class conflicts now emerging from San Diego to New York.

THOMAS BYRNE EDSALL is the author most recently, with Mary D. Edsall, of *Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics* (W. W. Norton).

Art and Danger

BY TOMAS VENCLOVA

Art in the Light of Conscience: Eight Essays on Poetry by Marina Tsvetaeva translated with introduction and notes by Angela Livingstone

(Harvard University Press, 214 pp., \$27.95)

The fate of Marina Tsvetaeva is a textbook case of post-humous triumph. She perished in abject poverty and virtual obscurity. Stalin's secret police destroyed her family with a callousness stunning even by Soviet standards, and her relatively prosperous colleagues, who used to call her "the White Guard whore," did their best to hound her to death. When she killed herself in the Russian provincial town of Elabuga in 1941, her work was known only to a handful of people (though Pasternak and Nabokov were among them). For several decades after her death, Tsvetaeva remained unmentionable in her native Russia, and generally forgotten

even by the Russian émigré community. And yet her Russian audience long ago recognized what Western readers are now coming to recognize, that she was one of the major poetic voices of the century. Tsvetaeva's books are among the most prized possessions of any Russian who cares about literature—and there is still a significant number of such people in Russia, the effects of budding capitalism notwithstanding.

In the West, biographies of Tsvetaeva now abound, and Tsvetaeva studies are already a sort of modest scholarly industry. Still, I doubt that she will ever be truly appreciated as a poet by Western readers, for the simple reason that she can be adequately translated only by a

genius. Certainly none of the existing English translations does justice to her voice. Tsvetaeva is a poet of incredible intensity, of extremely dense word texture. Though she violates traditional metric and stanzaic patterns, she remains very far from *vers libre*, which she abhorred. Rhymes, paronomasias, dizzy enjambments are at the core of her poetic universe. Virtually all of this is lost in the English versions. They cannot convey even the power of Tsvetaeva's metaphors, since those metaphors are always reinforced by sound, born of sound.

Fortunately Tsvetaeva was also an excellent prose writer. True, her prose was a direct continuation of her poetry, as Joseph Brodsky has observed, and employed almost all of her poetic devices. Still, in her essays the density of texture yielded to the requirements of narrative and argumentation. The best way to introduce Tsvetaeva to non-Russian readers, therefore, may be by rendering those of her works that do not belong to the strict realm of poetry. By presenting Tsvetaeva's essays in English, Angela Livingstone has performed a valuable service to those who want to comprehend the poet's thought in its relation—and its profound enmity—to her brutal times.

A poet's switch to prose is usually the result of inner development, a kind of maturing. Such were the cases of Pasternak and Mandelstam, Tsvetaeva's contemporaries and friends, as well as Nabokov, who started as a versifier (and considered himself an important poet to the end of his days). Tsvetaeva, unlike Nabokov, was a poet par excellence: her turn to prose writing was somewhat imposed by circumstances.

Born in 1892 and educated in prerevolutionary Russia, she spent almost all of her mature life abroad, first in Prague, then in Paris. She was forced to return to Moscow in 1939, when her unlucky husband and daughter became entangled in the workings of Soviet intelligence. The husband took part in a political assassination ordered by Stalin and had to flee to the USSR, where he was arrested as a "Western spy." The daughter was imprisoned, too. Tsvetaeva, who followed them to Moscow, found herself jobless and persecuted. Her homecoming at the height of the Stalinist purges resulted in disaster. But Tsvetaeva's existence was disastrous enough even before her re-emigration. Her poems, magnificent and abundant, failed badly as a source of income (and her family depended mainly on her efforts). Producing and publishing prose guaranteed survival, however modestly and temporarily.

There was another significant reason for switching to prose. Tsvetaeva felt increasingly isolated in the Russian émigré milieu, which conformed largely to prerevolutionary views and tastes. By her own confession, she was, in a way, a revolutionary poet: she rejected Bolshevism, the most stifling and counterrevolutionary movement of the times, but she remained completely in consonance with the elemental forces unleashed by the twentieth century. Her oratorical and mournful voice would break the walls of any conventional literary salon. And so she gradually lost contact with her audiences in Prague and Paris. Her true audience remained in Russia—and in the future.

Far from naive, Tsvetaeva understood that Russia had been mercilessly destroyed; but her Russia "was never a country on the earthly map." ("In Russia, as in the steppes and on the sea, there is room to speak from and into. If they'd let people speak.") Her poetic companions were strangled, one by one, by the regime. Mayakovsky shot himself; Pasternak was permitted to visit Paris once, but was unable to reveal to her all the horrors of their land; Mandelstam perished in a labor camp (Tsvetaeva seemed unaware of the fact until her return). Bereft of her natural readers, she attempted to create and educate at least a small group of new readers, to explain to them (and to herself) what art was. Thus her prose became, to a degree, a didactic enterprise: a defense and a glorification of poetry.

She could be venomous when dealing with an average émigré reader (or writer). The literary conservatives were the favorite targets of her contempt. Ivan Bunin, the first Russian writer to win the Nobel Prize, and a fine storyteller and a poet who was at the same time an avowed enemy of modernism and of Tsvetaeva's verse, was denounced under the disdainful name of X: "He has fallen behind—not from other walkers, but from the walker he himself ought to be. The reason X doesn't accept contemporary art is that he no longer creates it." A mediocre poet named Georgii Adamovich who wrote critical reviews in his spare time deserved even less leniency: "The first duty of a poetry critic is not to write bad poems himself. At least, not to print them." Georgii Ivanov provoked an outburst of Tsvetaeva's white rage by concocting a vulgar pseudo-memoir about Mandelstam (and unintentionally contributed to the creation of her own essay about that great poet). Not without reason, Tsvetaeva maintained that Ivanov presented Mandelstam as a pitiable creature unloved by

a boorish woman, because he, the memoirist, was pitiable and himself incapable of love; and her own counteressay on Mandelstam became a dazzling piece of psychological insight, written as it was by a woman more than capable of love.

Criticism, for Tsvetaeva, was a war against ignorance and mediocrity in the name of everlasting values—"the immutable scale of values," as Mandelstam said. One of her lodestars was Pushkin. And from her childhood, she was fond of the great German tradition as well—Goethe first and foremost, but also Schiller, Uhland, Bettina von Armin, Hölderlin and finally Rilke, with whom she had a stormy and purely epistolary love affair. Indeed, Tsvetaeva's letters—the predominant part of which were love letters—form the bulk of her prose. Dense, elliptical, disorderly but almost blinding in their clarity, they juxtapose blunt confessions with abstract divagations, and generally make great reading. Many were lost, but more and more are discovered and published almost every year.

Tsvetaeva also wrote perspicacious essays about her childhood, prose pieces about artists and other unusual personalities whom she met, sarcastic accounts of her misfortunes during the revolution and the civil war, philosophical treatises on love (including lesbian love), even short stories in the proper sense. None of these prose works are included in the present book, though some are available in English in a selection edited and translated by Janet Marin King more than ten years ago. Still, Livingstone's selection, which limits itself to Tsvetaeva's meditations on literary art, presents a wholly adequate picture of her concerns. Whatever her subject, she is finally always speaking about poetry, which is, for her, coterminous with risk, with a courage oblivious to self, with intensity of feeling.

These essays are heterogeneous enough. They include the aforementioned story of a youthful love affair between her and Mandelstam ("History of a Dedication"), which contains his fine portrait, and an equally splendid portrait of Nadya the peasant nanny, who was uncannily gifted in her own way. Another essay, "Epic and Lyric of Contemporary Russia," consists of a series of magnificent juxtapositions that characterize Mayakovsky and Pasternak as two different types of poet, extrovert and introvert. There is a fascinating comparative analysis of Goethe's poem "The Forest King" and its translation by Zhukovsky, in which Tsvetaeva proves that the original follows the laws of myth while the translation prefers the laws of a folk tale. But

the main part of the book is formed by extensive philosophical and aesthetic reflections ("The Poet and Time," "Poets with History and Poets without History," and the title essay); and all of them, taken together, represent Tsvetaeva's artistic and human credo.

If one wishes to understand Tsvetaeva's literary program, one must keep in mind that her era, usually defined as the Silver Age of Russian poetry, was an era marked by the prevalence of three major schools, Symbolist, Acmeist and Futurist. Tsvetaeva herself escapes classification. The boldness of her imagery, the flexibility of her rhythms and her experimental attitude to language looked virtually Futurist. The exactness and the accuracy of her vision ("the poet is one who has to know everything down to its detail") brought her near to the Acmeists Akhmatova and Mandelstam. And her philosophy of art remained essentially Symbolist. ("Enslaving the visible for service to the invisible—this is the life of the poet.") One might say that she conflated three incompatible and hostile systems of poetics. More precisely, she exploited the best achievements of Acmeism and Futurism in pursuit of the objectives of Symbolism; and she succeeded where most of her Symbolist mentors had failed.

Tsvetaeva's idiosyncratic essays provoked a mixed reaction in her contemporaries, to put it mildly. Prince Dmitry Svyatopolk-Mirsky, arguably the most enlightened critic among the émigrés, who liked Tsvetaeva's poems (and shared her fate by reimmigrating to the Soviet Union, where he perished soon afterward), observed caustically in 1926: "The prose she has hitherto written is the most pretentious, unkempt and hysterical, and altogether the worst prose ever written in Russian." For him, and for many others, Tsvetaeva's style violated the rules of good literary conduct. It was brazenly innovative, and in its seeming irregularity, its lack of restraint and its confessional tone, it harkened back to old-fashioned Romanticism, which was discarded long ago and relegated to the limbo of strictly personal writings. You just did not make such effusions public.

Almost seventy years after Mirsky, perhaps for different reasons, Tsvetaeva's prose still strikes the reader as something quite unusual. Tsvetaeva's argument usually appears to unfold in a logical way. It is intricate but rational, employing syllogisms and enthymemes, moving in contradictions and binary oppositions ("only through a 'no' can we fix the existence of a 'yes': something distinct"). She addresses her imagined audience like an orator or a lawyer

("Ladies and gentlemen, let's have justice, or if we can't—at least some common sense!"). An essay turns into a survey of possible points of view, opinions or attitudes. Some of them are rejected, some accepted, some given the benefit of the doubt. The more important statements are provided with meticulous proofs, the most important ones are assigned the status of axioms.

And yet her style of argument is obviously non-linear, never following a single thread but developing in an organic manner: growing around a set of semantic centers, complex ideas or individual words, and radiating from them, gravitating toward them, always revolving, coming back and forth, as if without closure. It is also emotional, full of private reminiscences and strictly personal associations. And yet it should not be mistaken for hazy psychological writing; and it is the very opposite of Proustian nebulas. Concise and laconic, it has the air of Nietzsche's, and sometimes Wilde's, aphorisms. (Both Nietzsche and Wilde belonged to the canon of her early reading; virtually every Russian intellectual of the Silver Age knew them by heart.) Often enough, this kind of writing reminds one of more archaic things: of the elliptical and paradoxical thought of the pre-Socratics, of enigmatic sibylline pronouncements induced by a dark and hidden deity.

Tsvetaeva also investigates the meanings of everyday words and the finest nuances of those meanings, and never yields to the specialists in semantics. For example:

A pretty woman—a beautiful woman; a pretty landscape—beautiful music. The difference is that a landscape may be beautiful as well as pretty (an intensification, elevation, of the external to the internal), while music can be beautiful but not pretty (an enervation, reduction, of the internal to the external). What's more, the moment a phenomenon leaves the realm of the visible and the material, the word "pretty" can no longer be applied to it. A pretty landscape by Leonardo, for example. One wouldn't say this.

"Pretty music," "pretty poems"—a measure of musical and poetic illiteracy. Bad common parlance.

Thus her prose finally achieves a catechistic quality, with its characteristic series of questions and answers. She is very much at home with abstract concepts, but they gain a sort of palpable existence under her pen. An idea is developed to the end—which, more often than not, happens to be bitter. Clichés are turned inside out. Antitheses are allowed to run their full course, and contrary forces are kept in balance. Liv-

ingstone rightly notes that Tsvetaeva's "journey to the designed point is often experienced almost as a physical walk and climb." Finally she comes to the summit ("Now I beg your extreme attention"), where the catechism turns into Holy Writ: she moves to the synthesis of contradictions that surmounts all imaginable points of view, to a Zen-like statement that overcomes oppositions, opens the mind, enlightens and saves. She is herself a sibyl, a modern sibyl, and the god who inspires her is language itself.

Language dictated Tsvetaeva's boldest ideas. She possessed an uncommon appetite for sound repetitions and transformations, for puns. Every change of a letter or a phoneme clarifies and emphasizes an unexpected but important aspect of meaning. Permutations of stems lead to profound differentiations of sense. The rhyming of words signifies an echoing of ideas. Thus, her writing becomes incredibly compressed: every syllable, every sound, obtains the relative weight of a word, or sentence, or paragraph. Concepts are put under a pressure that reveals their inner—one might say, their nuclear—power. A less talented writer could easily turn such a procedure into trickery or an innocuous game. In Tsvetaeva's poetry and prose, it is permeated with all the energy, the passion and the deadly seriousness of primordial magic.

These linguistic games, of course, are untranslatable. Livingstone has done a good job disentangling Tsvetaeva's sentences and clarifying her meanings. One does notice factual errors and small inaccuracies, but these are minor matters. The real problem comes with Tsvetaeva's wordplays, neologisms and phonological and grammatical extravagances. The remarkable word *bormotá* (used to characterize Pasternak and very Pasternakian in its texture) turns into common "mutterings." The marvelously expressive colloquialism *roskos'* (which conveys the idea of squint and slant by its very structure, and rhymes with *roskosh'*, or "splendor") becomes a purely descriptive "side-ways glance." The strange genitive *tishizn* (reminding one of *zhizn'*, "life") is translated by the neutral expression "of silences." And more often than not, Tsvetaeva's ellipses and inversions are similarly smoothed over, which has the consequence of sometimes giving her lively and unfettered speech the stilted tone of rhetoric.

The most challenging task for any translator, of course, is provided by Tsvetaeva's famous permutations of stems, and by her puns. Thus, she juxtaposes *byt* ("everyday life") and *byk* ("bull"), emphasizing their common traits, solid-

ity and heaviness; or *den'* ("day") and *dan'* ("tribute"), making these words, related only by their proximity in Russian vocabulary, into metaphors of each other. Instead of transmogrifying Tsvetaeva's wordplay into a comparable English pun, Livingstone usually just explains it in square brackets (which, alas, may be the right and realistic choice). But such a device surely cannot work in poetry, as is shown by the not-too-successful translations of twelve poems by Tsvetaeva that make up Livingstone's appendix.

In her treatment of language, Tsvetaeva was not alone among Russian writers of her times (to say nothing of such Western counterparts as Joyce). One of her teachers was Andrei Bely; and Velimir Khlebnikov was even bolder than Tsvetaeva in his investigation of the limits and the abilities of his native tongue. But they too often lapsed into sheer incommunicability. Tsvetaeva, by contrast, never lost control over her material. However strongly guided by language, she remained its master.

In assessing Tsvetaeva's achievement, one may look for analogies in different areas of art and culture. Her rigorous handling of language reminds one of the technique of her contemporaries Schoenberg, Berg and Webern. Moreover, there is some contiguity between Tsvetaeva and the twentieth-century science of language. She emphatically discounted Formalism in literary matters:

The informatory critic who looks at a work from the formal point of view, evading the "what" and seeing the "how," the critic who sees in a narrative poem neither hero nor author ... [the critic] who gets out of everything with the word "technique," is, if not harmful, certainly useless. Because: ready-made formulas of poetics are not needed by major poets, and non-major poets are not needed by us. I'll say more: to engender lesser poets is sinful and harmful.

And yet there was a perceptible affinity between Tsvetaeva and the scholars who overcame Formalism and created modern structural linguistics and poetics. Her linguistic practice echoes and sometimes foreshadows the ideas of Nikolai Trubetzkoy and Roman Jakobson. The very tenor of her thought, always looking for binary oppositions and juxtapositions, is structuralist in the most direct sense of the word. Indeed, there might even have been a direct influence: Jakobson worked in Prague at the same time as Tsvetaeva and moved in the same circles of Russian émigrés, and Trubetzkoy was the founding father of the so-called Eurasian movement, in which Tsvetaeva's husband was active. (She herself was somewhat associated with it.) The Eurasians emphasized the fact that Russian culture was Asian as well as European. They tended to absolve Bolshevism by defining it as a manifestation of the Asian element that they considered healthy and fruitful.

And one should note still another trait in Tsvetaeva's attitude to language. She never stooped to the notorious antithesis of form and content that has, for centuries, in Russia and elsewhere, led aesthetics astray. "Indivisibility of essence and form—that is a poet." Or, no less straightforwardly: "If I'm seduced by the essence, the form will come by itself." In Tsvetaeva's writing, the dualism of content and form is replaced by the duality of matter and spirit, with all of its theological overtones and nuances of meaning, so precisely elaborated by the Fathers of the Eastern Church. This controlling idea is stated most clearly in the essay "Art in the Light of Conscience," which Livingstone has appropriately selected for the title and the climax of her book:

In relation to the spiritual world: art is a kind of physical world of the spiritual.
In relation to the physical world: art is a kind of spiritual word of the physical...
A third kingdom with its own laws, from which we seldom escape into the higher one (and how often into the lower!). A third kingdom, the first sky from the earth, a second earth. Between the heaven of the spirit and the hell of the species, art is a purgatory which no one wishes to leave for paradise.

A word—first and foremost, a poetic utterance—assumes, in such a context, the status of a miracle, a living entity, a kind of Eucharist partaking of both the material and the transcendental universes. More precisely, it posits itself in between those orders, belonging to both at once and to no one in particular. "The word is body to ideas, soul to the elements." An eternal mediator, it can be loved, was loved by Tsvetaeva, as a person is loved. It is much more real than "reality"—and more real, especially, than the reality of Tsvetaeva's century, which destroyed bodies, corrupted souls and debased words.

Spiritus flat ubi vult (or, the spirit moves where it will): when it permeates the work of art, it is called the creative power. A poet, according to Tsvetaeva (who follows here an old Romantic notion), is possessed by a daimon, by an elemental force that makes him or her its semiconscious tool. In this context, all true poetry is impersonal and suprapersonal:

For poetry doesn't fragment either within poets or into poets; in all its manifestations it is one entire thing, all of it is in each, just as, in essence, there are not poets, there is the poet—one and the same from the beginning of the world to its end—a power that puts on the colors of particular times, tribes, countries, dialects, persons, passing like a river through those who carry it, between these or other banks, under these or other skies, over this or another ground.

The energy of life overflows human beings, who are at once fragile and capable of great endurance. "Be like a stalk and be like steel in this life where we can do so little," Tsvetaeva wrote in one of

HOME STUDY COURSE

in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials.

Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016



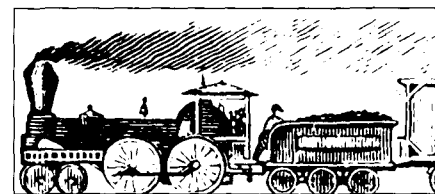
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

At A Price You Can Afford!

\$1.97 EACH Trim Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" for 500 copies, 96 pg., Perfect Bound book.

From \$529. Write for Price List.

800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581



MOVING?

Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC**.

Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.

Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New Address

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

 Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
 PO Box 56515
 Boulder, CO 80322-6515

Allow 4-6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

her earliest poems. In coping with it, the main thing is the poet's capacity for giving, for self-oblivious expenditure, for answering questions before they were asked—in sum, the poet's capacity for love (which is primarily intensity) and for pain (which is virtually the definition of the soul).

The elemental magic that takes a poet for its medium is coterminous with, though it is not necessarily the same thing as, language; but it has nothing to do at all with morality. It may be seductive, rebellious, deadly. It must be controlled, therefore, with all the means at one's disposal. I am reluctant to agree with Livingstone's statement that "Tsvetaeva rejects any link between art and ethics." There is a link, and a link as strong as death, since art and ethics are drawn into internecine struggle. ("The only way for art to be wittingly good is—not to be.") Art, according to Tsvetaeva, is a release of overpowering passion, an act of escape, not into death and not into prayer, but into song. (Thus Pushkin rescued himself from his own death wish by writing his tragedy "Feast in Time of Plague," in which the life-threatening instinct was transformed into the song of the principal character Walsingham.)

Tsvetaeva believed that art is an everlasting menace for any human being and any society. Its primeval force may lead to chaos and to loss. But the effort to control art may result in the destruction of art—and, incidentally, in the destruction of ethics as well. Art may turn into didactic drivel, and ethics into a set of stupefying rules. Perhaps the only way out of the predicament is the self-imposed discipline of language, which Tsvetaeva employed with such dazzling success. It may be said that in her case art and ethics came out of their deadly embrace strengthened and renewed—even if in passing they destroyed their instrument, the artist.

In thinking about Tsvetaeva, one must keep in mind the enigmatic connection between the artist's self-discipline and time. Poetry, like music, is intimately related to time, if only because it is measured by time flow and does its best to stop it. But there is another relationship, no less pertinent, between art and time. It is that a real poet cannot help but express the rhythm and the scale of history. He or she is a medium and a victim of history, but also a victor over it, since the poet creates his or her times at least as much as the times create the poet. Being in history, for the poet, and certainly for the modern Russian poet, is a way of jumping out of history. The command of time must never be confused,

after all, with the political command of a class, a party or a dictator. They can murder the poet, as they murdered Mandelstam. And they can kill the poetry in the poet, as they almost succeeded in doing to Mayakovsky. But they have nothing to do with immortality. True contemporaneity, which is the same thing as true

immortality, can be achieved either by obeying the command of one's time or by rejecting it and becoming the antidote to an era. Tsvetaeva did both.

TOMAS VENCLOVA, a Lithuanian writer, teaches Russian and Polish literature at Yale University.

Breaking Away

BY ROY PORTER

Uncertain Unions: Marriage in England 1660-1753 by Lawrence Stone

(Oxford University Press, 250 pp., \$35)

Among front-rank Anglo-American historians, Lawrence Stone probably induces greater outrage than any other. Certainly he has attracted the broadest spectrum of critics, ranging from the far right to the Marxist left, from starchy old-school practitioners to number-crunching cliometricians. The explanation is simple. In a career spanning almost fifty years, Stone, ever an ardent controversialist, has trod on innumerable toes.

Stone's lifelong interest in Stuart England, culminating in *The Causes of the English Revolution 1529-1642*, which first appeared in 1972, alienated both traditional constitutional historians and Marxists, who saw him stealing their clothes and restyling them for his own use. His accounts of the fortune of patrician families in *The Crisis of the Aristocracy* (1963) and *An Open Elite?* (1984), which he wrote with his wife, Jeanne Fawtier Stone, incensed economic historians, who condemned his use of quantitative history techniques as the actions of a bull in a china shop. (Stone later conceded a grain of truth in his critics' charges.) And none of his projects ruffled more feathers than his daringly pioneering *The Family, Sex, and Marriage in England, 1500-1800* (1977), not least among social historians who resented an invasion from the ranks of political historians.

All this animosity is partly triggered by Stone's swagger, even arrogance. With dazzling energy, he has ranged from field to field, producing a succession of monster works that make specialists seem like myopic snails. In so doing, he has repeatedly translated personal preferences and prejudices into prescriptions for the profession. Thirty years ago Stone informed

scholars that event-centered histories were old hat: social structures and forces were the things of the future. Twenty years later, in an apparent about-face, Stone wrote what was received as a call for the revival of narrative history. His essays and reviews, many of them now collected in *The Past and Present Revisited* (1987), are always stimulating, often opinionated—and sometimes simply wrong, as with his ill-conceived onslaught on Michel Foucault's rendering of the history of insanity. (Stone seemed to have failed to grasp Foucault's rather precise if idiosyncratic use of terms.)

Stone also irritates because he seems to know too much in a scholarly climate in which agnosticism about the past has become indispensable for liberal, democratic credentials. Rushing in where others feared to tread, Stone offered in *The Family, Sex, and Marriage* some extravagant generalizations about lower-class sexuality in former centuries, despite an almost total lack of hard evidence. Moreover, his judgments seemed like an expression of his own rather fastidious temperament. They were prudently removed from later, abridged versions of the book.

What has particularly stung Stone's critics is his supreme confidence in outlining grand historical patterns and developments. Though no Marxist, Stone espied grave crises within the aristocracy and the emergence of "new men" in the mid-seventeenth-century English "revolution." (Revisionists, by contrast, now regard the Civil War as a rather meaningless chapter of accidents consequent upon political mismanagement.) Likewise, in surveying the history of sex and marriage, Stone boldly sketched shifts from traditional late-medieval family structures to an

intensely "patriarchal" household typical of the seventeenth century, one accentuating the authority of the family head. This, in turn, yielded in the age of the Enlightenment before tides of a new "affective individualism," softening patriarchal power and stimulating more familiar, intimate relations between husband and wife, parents and children.

The criticisms notwithstanding, Stone never contended that such enormous secular changes were, as Victorian social theorists would have suggested, unilinear and inevitable, part of the irresistible march of "progress." As Stone was at pains to point out, after the more relaxed family atmosphere of the age of sensibility came the evangelically-inspired and more hierarchical Victorian family. And this, in turn, gave way to the classic early twentieth-century nuclear, bourgeois group, which has finally dissolved into the atomized personal relations characteristic of today.

Stone has never claimed to plot overarching teleological transformations in the manner of the Marxists. But he has been prepared to stick his neck out and insist upon profoundly significant secular transformations in material culture, *moeurs* and social organization. And as with all prominent necks, there have always been plenty of scholars eager to chop it off, maintaining that the successive *mentalités* that Stone has presumed to discern (attitudes toward sex and the self, individuality and authority, love and law) are inaudible and invisible, or at least infinitely more complex, snarled and difficult to decipher than he seems prepared to allow.

Still, as befits his name, the foundations of Stone's interpretations of love and marriage were in reality more solid than his critics were willing to grant. For his reading of the dynamic interplay over the generations of personality and social form (marital bonds, family groups, kinship networks) did not hinge on the flimsy evidence of attitudes as patchily preserved in personal letters and distortingly mirrored in fiction. It also derived from something altogether more tangible, public and stable: from the fabric and the operation of the law, that is, land settlements, property deeds, the arrangements stipulated in dowries, wills, marriage titles and so forth. Themselves reflecting opinions and sentiments, such documents—which, unlike correspondence, have been systematically preserved—in turn colored behavior and generated climates of feeling, producing a ceaseless play of attitudes and institutions: the creation and recreation of matrimonial ties embodying

the deepest intimate desires but also constituting the most binding social fetters.

Herein lies the uniqueness of Stone's perspective on English society, of his extraordinary sensitivity to the dialectic of public and private lives among the educated elites with whose family archives he is incomparably familiar. This quality has never been so well displayed as in his massive three-volume study of English divorce, of which this is the second part. The first installment, *Road to Divorce: England 1530-1987* (1990), concentrated on general transformations in attitudes toward marriage and divorce over the course of nearly 500 years, broadly examining connections between families, married couples and the legal profession.

In many ways so rigid, the law could also be adapted, circumvented and brazenly exploited by crafty spouses and lawyers in order to manage marital breakdown. Such flexibility was essential. For England was, until 1857, the only Protestant nation with practically no legal provision for full divorce for such offenses as adultery, desertion or cruelty. Examining the operation of the courts, the judgments of top legal authorities and the deliberations of Parliament, Stone explored the intricate, frequently circuitous and sometimes illegal means adopted by laity and lawyers alike to remedy this lack. Sifting mountains of evidence from court witnesses, especially in the two centuries following the Restoration of 1660, Stone also penetrated deep into shifting moral views regarding love, courtship, sex, seduction, marital cruelty and failure.

In so doing, *Road to Divorce* laid bare a social paradox and thereby set the scene for *Uncertain Unions*, the second volume of the trilogy. We live in a society in which divorce is not only legal and acceptable, but is becoming the norm. Restrictions on divorce would today be experienced as social and moral oppression. During the last half century, powerful pressures have operated to make divorce steadily easier. So how was England, supposedly the land of liberty and individualism, able for so long to get by with almost no access to legal divorce?

It was, suggests Stone, because "divorce" was available by other means. There were two other means in particular. One was death. Three or four hundred years ago, marriage came late. Among the professional and property-owning classes, marriage was often delayed until well into a man's 30s or even 40s, awaiting the demise of a father, the inheritance of an estate or the secure establishment of a career. With life expectations averaging less than 40,

even among the affluent, and with particularly high levels of maternal death in childbirth, marriages (happy and unhappy alike) were routinely truncated by the Grim Reaper. The unhappy spouse's trusty friend, death was the most effective divorce lawyer in the world we have lost.

Aside from death, another *de facto* mode of divorce was typically available, as Stone demonstrates in telling detail. This was the precariousness of wedlock itself. Above all before Hardwicke's Marriage Act of 1753, the first legislation to codify English matrimonial law (Scottish law resolutely went its own way), marriages were often terminated, at the instigation of one or sometimes both of the partners and with the authorities' connivance, because the union was decided to have been invalid, dubious or nonexistent in the first place.

How was this possible? As Stone shows, the pre-1753 laws regulating marriage were a shambles. The portals affording entry into the estate of matrimony were numerous. There were church weddings preceded by reading of banns. These were, of course, formal and cast-iron, the best bet for any parties utterly convinced that they wanted their alliance to be indisputable and indissoluble. But such weddings were costly and involved advance planning; and they were the exception, not the rule. Various other forms of ceremony were valid in the eyes of the church, the courts and the people. These included contracts between the parties made in writing, vows of betrothal following certain formulas verbally exchanged before witnesses and the notorious clandestine marriages, conducted on the quick and on the cheap by shabby clerics, especially by "Fleet parsons," the London clergymen who made disreputable livings out of the practice.

This situation was a product of disarray in the legal and religious system that persisted after the Reformation. Common law had the power to make marriages. So did ecclesiastical law. But so, too, did witnessing in the sight of God, and other performances sanctified by popular folk customs (the exchange of rings and so on). Each avenue had its recognized legitimacy and could offer potential advantages. The ease of clandestine marriage or nuptials through verbal vows could be a godsend for passionate young Romeos and Juliets denied parental consent—even if all too often it proved a case of marry in haste and repent at leisure.

But the diversity of practices and their questionable character—some were dif-

You deserve a factual look

Hamas and the Muslim Fundamentalists Was Israel justified in expelling 400+ of their leaders?

The U.N. Security Council, unconcerned apparently about dreadful things being perpetrated in many parts of the world, "strongly condemned" Israel for the temporary expulsions of 400+ Hamas terrorist leaders, and threatened sanctions. In order to be able to judge Israel's actions, the world must understand who and what Hamas and the Muslim fundamentalists really are.

What are the facts?

A fundamentalist terror organization. Hamas is a Muslim fundamentalists terror organization. Hamas ideology combines pan-Arab religious and fundamentalist principles with radical Palestinian aims. It insists that "all of Palestine—from the (Jordan) river to the (Mediterranean) sea is holy Arab territory" and that its "liberation" is the immutable aim of the movement. Autonomy for the Palestinian Arabs, or even a Palestinian state, as proposed by the P.L.O., are totally unacceptable or at best tactical steps in the "liberation of all of Palestine."

Terror also against fellow Arabs. A

basic ingredient in the ideology of Hamas is the use of terror, not only against Israeli Jews, but against all who oppose its political and religious zeal

and ideology. Hamas has killed hundreds of Palestinians, usually in the most gruesome manner and often in front of their families, for being "collaborators" with the Israelis or for suggesting political solutions to the "Palestinian problem" that are not in full accord with Hamas' ideology. But Hamas and the Islamic fundamentalists are not foes of just Israel. They are in mortal conflict with all secular Arab regimes. Some years ago, Iraq's Saddam Hussein boasted that he (personally) had shot 600 of "those traitors." In 1982, in response to a fundamentalist uprising, President Assad of Syria ordered an all-out assault in which an

"A basic ingredient in the ideology of Hamas is the use of terror, not only against Israeli Jews, but against all who oppose its political and religious zeal and ideology."

estimated 20,000 people were killed. During the 1988 riots in Algiers, the army unceremoniously shot and killed between 150 and 300 demonstrators. Similar bloody scenarios have been replayed in Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and other Arab countries. There was never any public outcry. The media largely ignored those events, and there was certainly no emergency meeting of the U.N. Security Council.

Expulsion, a legitimate punishment. Different countries have different customs and different laws. In the United States, we have the death penalty—by hanging, lethal injection, firing squad, electric current, or poison gas—which is considered barbaric in much of the world,

including Israel. The Arabs have public beheadings and amputations, which we consider to be beyond the pale. The Israelis, having adopted their laws

from the British mandatory power, punish with expulsions for certain serious crimes. There are those who insist that the expulsions of the Hamas terrorists are in violation of the Fourth Geneva Convention. But the Convention was composed to prevent repetition of the crimes of the Nazis, who, to serve their manic purposes, transported entire populations (or their survivors) from one end of Europe to another. And the Convention clearly states that "...the occupying power may undertake total or partial evacuation...if the security of the population...demands it." Certainly, Israel, just as any other country, has the right to self-preservation and the duty to protect its citizens.

It is clear that Israel has shown and continues to show a forbearance towards those who have vowed to destroy it that no other country would have shown. No other western country would tolerate such open sedition and armed insurrection. The fact that the Israelis have allowed the so-called intifada to survive for so many years, that they have expelled for only limited terms the 400+ leaders of the Hamas terrorists, is testimony to Israel's humanitarianism. Can the world imagine what Israel would do if Syria, for instance, would expel the Jews still remaining in that country? Israel would immediately take them in of course, just as it has taken in hundreds of thousands of other refugees and expellees from Arab countries.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax deductible contribution in the amount of \$ _____ NR/ 43

☐ My contribution is in the amount of \$50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

difficult to verify after the event—proved extremely handy for shameless individuals seeking sordid benefit from an alliance that might, in due course, be affirmed or denied as would best suit them: fortune-hunting rakes, bigamists, pregnant girls, parish authorities seeking someone to maintain a bastard or parents desperately keen to get otherwise unmarriageable progeny off their hands. As Stone's entertaining case histories show, many entered into matrimony fully alert to the loopholes, and prudently or cynically prepared to exploit them. Feminists may especially admire the career of Constantia ("Con") Phillips, the successful serial bigamist who manipulated gullible men and marriage law with equal success for more than twenty years, just as they may gloat over the fate of Sir Samuel Morland, the 61-year-old Restoration courtier duped into a clandestine marriage by a teenage gold digger deeply in debt but masquerading as an heiress. Doubtless it was a man's world with man-made law, but women were often wise at working the system.

As Stone shows, far more common than materialistic manipulators were pathetic cases of young people desperately seeking private happiness and admission into a hard-bitten adult world dominated by property, prestige and parent-power. Such lovers hoped to find in marriage some security, but all too often they came to grief as a result of the chicanery of the law and its exploitation by those older and more mighty than themselves, notably hostile parents.

Marriage came under intense pressure in the century after 1660. With the flourishing of capitalist property exchange, it was a time when matrimony could readily be a callous cattle-market in which propertied relations indulged in interminable haggling over jointures, portions and settlements, while sweethearts were forced to tarry, to abandon hope or, all too often, to see bellies ominously swell. Real-life parents could be every whit as money-grubbing (or as they would express it, circumspect) as Defoe's fictional ones.

Yet it was also a time when, as Stone made clear in *The Family, Sex, and Marriage*, the formal arranged marriage was losing moral and social legitimacy. From the dawn of the eighteenth century, enlightened, *Spectator*-reading society was accepting the right of the young to exercise a measure of freedom in choice of marriage partner, with only a veto remaining to their parents. One element of this new freedom, Stone amply documents, could be a remarkable permis-

siveness in sexual behavior. The world we have lost certainly knew the desires of the flesh. The need to wait for an apprenticeship to end, or for a niggardly landowner to breathe his last, often resulted in appallingly protracted courtships.

Under such circumstances, couples would commonly plight their troth and commence sexual relations, traditionally in the form of "bundling," that is, nocturnal heavy-petting that involved kissing, fondling of breasts and removal of outer garments, but was expected to stop short of coitus. Bundling counted as an engagement, the understanding being that were pregnancy to ensue—no contraception in those days!—the man would do the decent thing and go through with a formal marriage ceremony. Generally, they did. But Stone believes that habits were shifting. He discerns a growing tendency for the traditional checks of bundling to break down and for full sexual intercourse to occur; and he suggests that men were increasingly evading their responsibilities and leaving the woman literally holding the baby. The rising bastardy rate suggests that Stone is right, though he may here be guilty, not for the first time, of vesting excessive faith in court records, as if they were certain windows onto social reality.

Yet such records are crucial. For Stone is able to discuss these patterns of courtship and union and the lawyerly wrangling that so often ensued (with one party claiming, and the other denying, legal marriage) precisely because of the survival of extraordinarily rich registers from civil and ecclesiastical courts. On this basis, he brilliantly re-creates the indeterminacy of personal lives, the dangerousness of liaisons, the constraints of relatives, the uncertainty of the law and the accidents of fate. Some of his tales assume the character of high drama.

Take an early eighteenth-century instance from the highest social stratum. An heiress, Lady Bridget Osborne, was living in a secluded house in Yorkshire. Her dragon of a mother, the Duchess of Leeds, had vowed never to let her daughter marry. The headstrong Bridget secretly wooed the family's domestic chaplain, a penniless Welshman called William Williams. The couple found a compliant clergyman who, for the favor of a few guineas, married them clandestinely. The truth came out and all hell broke loose in the Osborne family. The Duchess boxed the lovers' ears, and her brother, the Marquis, sent Williams packing, locked up his niece and browbeat Bridget to get her to deny her marriage. Writs were thrown

around like confetti. But this case had a happy ending: the courts ruled the marriage valid, Bridget and William were reunited and true love seems to have won.

This scenario, which sounds like a Restoration comedy or a newly discovered Richardson novel, is one of many gripping tales of matrimonial hazards in Stuart and Georgian England that Stone recounts. The course of true love ne'er did run smooth; but, as most of these cases show, circumstances conspired after the Restoration to maximize the perils lurking for those embarking on holy wedlock. As the Osborne example demonstrates, heads of families often preferred to have a wretched spinster on their hands than a *mésalliance*. Yet the idiosyncrasies of the law, the rivalries of different jurisdictions and the capacity of wily and desperate individuals (then as now) to work the system created infinite uncertainty, possibility and variety.

In twenty-five short stories, telling of loving and leaving, passion and perjury, Stone's book records the tragicomedy of marriage, that perennial triumph of hope over experience. Though his cast includes a few utter reprobates, most of the *dramatis personae* filing into the church courts were all-too-familiar sorts, who one day swore true love but soon glimpsed a better catch on the horizon, or found that romance didn't pay the rent. One's sympathies especially go out to all the women who craved passion, suffered parental veto and were too dutiful to disobey or to risk being disinherited. Far too often they were condemned to years of stealthy encounters, with ceaseless fears of pregnancy, disgrace or abandonment. "No wise woman," wrote the early novelist Mrs. Manley, "reckons on the performance of those extravagant things that are said to gain her."

Uncertain Union is an original book, with many bold things to say about emotional and erotic life 300 years ago. Stone's picture of premarital sexual activity in bourgeois and genteel society is well documented and challenging. As

of old, its author may still be occasionally dogmatic. He is confident, for example, that official documents reveal what transpired not merely in people's bedrooms, but also in their hearts. Yet there is something quite remarkable in this book. It truly tells a great deal more about the private lives of premodern times than we ever expected to know.

Until now we have been well informed about the sex lives of a tiny minority of wholly unrepresentative, abnormal people, such as James Boswell—or, at least, we have heard how they recorded, perhaps fancifully, their intimate lives in autobiographical accounts. And we have known certain bare statistics, such as shifting bastardy rates, from which certain personal attitudes and acts might broadly be deduced. What we have almost wholly lacked, at least for the English-speaking world, are detailed narratives of ordinary prosperous, articulate people with normal sexual mores, entering into (and sometimes disentangling themselves from) regular alliances. What is so special about Stone's ingenious and eye-opening book is that it presents rich slices of the lives of average people, enmeshed in mazes of social custom, legal authority and personal aspiration, whose details are different but whose implications are utterly familiar to the present generation.

ROY PORTER is a reader in the social history of medicine at Wellcome Institute, London.

Fragrances

The threshold of your mother's room had such intimate possession of itself, and that satin fabric that the lamp assumed among the vanities, the combs and pins... complexities of being soft and cool, intricacy of clothing, lace and tulle, the look of the half-shut chiffonier with all the lank, soft-folded garments there, the colors of her things in the dim lamp,—almost unsayable, that gentian sleeve.

And sometimes I would hide in her wardrobe standing among the dresses and the gowns as though a rush of women circled me with a smell of warm and fragrant skin mingled with the lilac and the blush of sun, just as the golden sunshade made a glow in which we all looked suddenly transformed, illumined in the fragrance of the sun that had a tinge of everlastingness the way verbena lingers on the tips of all your fingers when you say goodbye.

ERIC ORMSBY

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Venerable beads

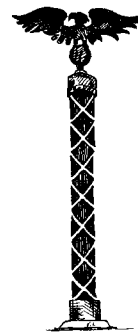
THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE "VERITABLE love fest," as Senator Carol Moseley Braun described Janet Reno's confirmation hearings, came near the beginning. Senator Joseph Biden announced that Reno had received a "very flattering" letter of recommendation from former Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska. (Hruska, you may recall, is the man who defended Harold Carswell, Nixon's mediocre Supreme Court nominee, by noting that mediocre people deserve representation on the Supreme Court too.) Although Reno was praised for plain speaking, however, her legal philosophy remains opaque. She supports victim's rights but she supports defendant's rights. She opposes capital punishment but she fought to extend it in Florida. She wants to reform habeas corpus so the death penalty can be carried out more swiftly, but she wants it to be fair. And so on. In this, of course, she is the quintessential Clintonite, embracing contradictions that she refuses to acknowledge. More encouragingly, Reno unequivocally endorsed the Freedom of Choice Act, the Operation Rescue bill, the Religious Freedom Restoration Act and several other measures that suggest she may be ready to carry out the most pressing duty of the Clinton Justice Department, namely: shifting the battleground of constitutional politics from the courts to Congress. Senator Strom Thurmond, who has just turned 90, seemed to think he was confirming Reno for the Supreme Court. "Ah wish you well on the bench," he slurred. Let's hope General Reno pays the bench little mind.

NEW ORLEANS, WHICH I VISITED recently for Mardi Gras, has a knack for taking in stride sexual and racial rituals that might make the rest of us gasp. First there is the ritual of Mardi Gras itself. Traffic stops for five days as sixty-seven parades with names like "Bacchus" and "Endymion" snake through the city. Everyone lines the streets yelling, "Throw me something, mister!" and masked revelers on the floats respond by hurling plastic cups, doubloons and bead necklaces of dazzlingly variegated sizes and hues. Then everyone takes their beads into the French quarter,

clustering under the wrought-iron balconies. Crowds of young men begin to chant: "Show your tits! Show your tits!" After ceremonial coyness, young women on the balconies and in the crowd proceed to expose themselves with gusto, and are thrown the largest beads in return. For those of us looking on, this raised delicate questions of sexual politics. Was it all a demeaning ritualization of sexism or a rite of liberation we didn't understand? Were the college students who lifted their shirts misled by false consciousness, or were they experiencing something like what Camille Paglia calls the "barbaric ululation of triumph of the will"? The case for equality seemed stronger by the fourth day of Mardi Gras, when everyone on Bourbon Street was equally drunk. Women waved signs and yelled: "Show your dick!" In exchange for beads, many men obliged. The souvenir shops on Bourbon Street, meanwhile, were trafficking in an even more shocking New Orleans tradition: Negrobilia. This is the sardonic name for the pickaninny rag dolls, mammy and pappy salt and pepper shakers and watermelon-eating sambo figurines that are still mass produced in Taiwan by the truckload. It is hard to know what to make of these grotesque relics of Americana. Unlike the "Crewe of Zulu," an almost entirely black Mardi Gras parade whose members paint themselves in blackface and throw plastic spears and coconuts at the crowd, Negrobilia was not originally designed as a campy send-up of white stereotypes. In recent years, however, it has taken on that meaning for some black professionals. According to P.J. Gibbs's *Black Collectibles Sold in America*, nearly half of the estimated 10,000 collectors of Negrobilia are themselves black. But are the other 5,000 suffused by a similarly rich sense of irony? New Orleans offers one hope at least for our irredeemably offensive public discourse: offenses that are ironized and ritualized can perhaps be overcome.

THE WASHINGTON OPERA IS GETTING better, although it hasn't risen to the level of comparable companies, like the City Opera in New York. Yet performances are always sold out and routinely receive standing ovations. The Opera's No. 1 fan, however, is Joseph McLellan, *The Washington Post's* gushing music critic. Really, there's almost nothing the man doesn't love. A Nexis search reveals that sixty-one out of 403 McLellan opera reviews in the last fifteen years contain the word "superb," from "Superb Semele: Handel at its best" to

"'Stellar' Tosca, Tall and Proud." During the orchestra strike last year, the Opera put on *Don Carlos* with pianos. "It was, on the whole, an evening of superb singing," McLellan bumbled. The audience was so delighted to hear the voices without the orchestra, he reported, that a "Washington Keyboard Opera Company" should be founded immediately. At the performance I saw, however, the combination of the pallid voices and the tinny piano was so funny that I fled at intermission for fear of making a scene. Like the Iraqis who got their local news from CNN during the Gulf war, I now rely on *The New York Times* for advice about



Washington music. So when Alex Ross liked the new production of *Cunning Little Vixen*, I braved the blizzard last weekend to line up for standing room tickets. Although the box office had only just opened when I arrived around 10:00 a.m., all forty tickets were already gone. People are clearly starved for decent music in Washington, which makes the *Post's* relentless boosterism all the more absurd.

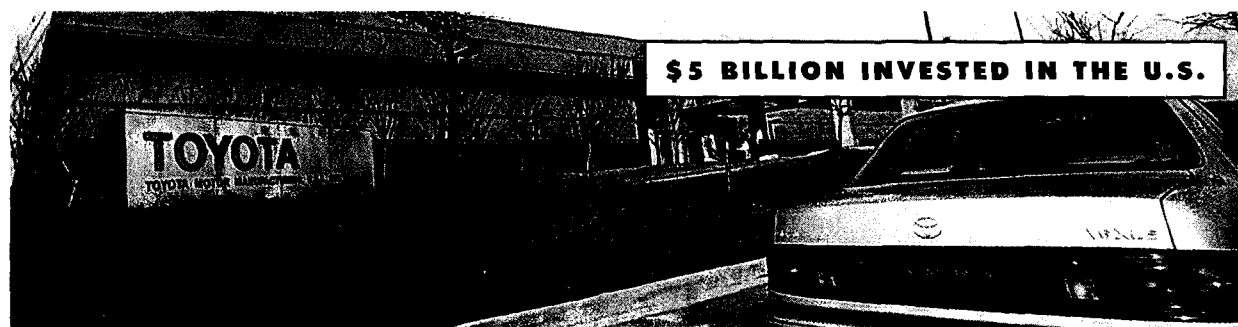
INSTEAD OF JANÁČEK AT the Kennedy Center, I had to settle for *Swing Kids* at Union Station. To ensure that no one else suffers the same fate, allow me to give away the plot. Peter and Thomas, two teenage rebels in Nazi Hamburg, decide to join the Hitler Youth to conceal their love for Benny Goodman. "The best of both worlds!" Thomas exclaims. "Hitler Jugend by day, Swing Kid by night!" Thomas is then coopted by the Nazis; Peter remains true to his ideals by dancing alone at Café Bismark to the yiddish jazz hit "Bei Mir Bist Du Shein." In the middle of the number, Thomas leads a Nazi raid on the café and tries to strangle Peter. As Peter is carted off to a concentration camp, Thomas repents and calls out, "Swing Heil!" "Swing Heil, Thomas!" Peter replies. "Swing Heeeeeeil!" The premise of the movie, Michael H. Kater reveals in *Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*, is historically simplistic. The Hamburg swings were harassed by the Nazis, but only because their aristocratic flamboyance and promiscuity threatened the collectivism of the Reich. And although the Nazis crusaded against "Nigger-Jew Jazz," members of most German swing clubs were middle-class social climbers rather than political rebels. Little of this can be gleaned from the movie, which reduces Hitlerism to camp. But the irony in *Swing Kids*, unlike that in New Orleans, is unfortunately inadvertent.

JEFFREY ROSEN



15,000 U.S. JOBS

ECONOMY



\$5 BILLION INVESTED IN THE U.S.

car

**OVER \$4 BILLION
IN U.S. MADE PARTS
PER YEAR**



© 1988 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

AT TOYOTA we believe in the importance of investing in the economies where we do business. That's why we've invested over \$5 billion in our operations here in America. That's why since 1988 we've increased our purchasing of U.S. made parts by 357% to over \$4 billion per year. And that's why almost half the Toyota passenger cars sold in America are manufactured right here in Kentucky and California. INVESTING IN THE THINGS YOU CARE ABOUT **TOYOTA**

For information on Toyota in America write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900, New York, NY 10019.



You can almost hear the evening fall

Mentor Lights

Menthol: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine - Kings & 100's:
11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**